

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1852.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IN the long list of English poets, chiefly those of the latter days—for most of the early bards were earnest, poor men, who wrote because they loved to, and because they had to;—among the latter of the English poets, we say, are to be found many amateurs of verse, in the person of lords and right-honorables—the terms are not always synonymous—and gentlemen in easy circumstances, who, having nothing else to do, occasionally produced trifles in rhyme. Nothing can be more absurd than these gentlemen, unless it be their pretension and success; for they are often more successful than men of real merit

and genius. The world knows its own. Not standing in need of the world's applause and money, they are pretty sure of obtaining both: for the world is willful and cur-like in this matter, and fawns upon those who hate it; the public, as an immense mob, looks with reverence on these gilded shams—

“These ape-Apollons of a dwindled growth.”

Among this class,

“This mob of gentlemen, who write with ease,” have been and still are true poets; poets who were *born*, not *made*. Such, for instance, were Suckling and Lovelace,

among the triflers of the age of Charles the First and Second; Cowley and Shenstone, among the garden-pastoral poets; and Rogers and Moore, among the *vers du société* poets of the present age; and such, it has always seemed to us, is Halleck among the poets of America. Differing widely from his good-natured puffing friends, who compare him with the greater poets, and from the general public, who buy his works by editions, we are yet disposed to consider him a man of genius and a poet; for no man save a poet could have written "Alnwick Castle," "Burns," and "Marco Bozzaris." To what class of poets he belongs, or the poetical value of the class, is another consideration, upon which we may hereafter dwell; at present it is enough for us to consider him as a poet simply, to investigate some of the merits and demerits of his poems, and, if possible, to discover their cause: to do which we will glance over what little of his biography has been made known to the public. That it is not more full is to be regretted; for the lives and actions of all men, especially poets, depend oftentimes on apparently insignificant events, an ignorance of which is fatal to a proper appreciation of their characters. Were we fully acquainted with the life of Halleck, the body and soul life of the man and poet, his poetry would strike us in other lights, and seem other and better than it is. As it is, however, we must do our best.

The author of "Fanny," "Burns," "Marco Bozzaris," etc., says the Rev. Rufus Griswold, was born in the town of Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795: consequently he is now in his fifty-eighth year. It is said he evinced a taste for poetry, and wrote verses, at a very early period. What kind of poetry delighted his boyish taste, and what kind of verse emanated from his boyish pen, is open to conjecture: the last we venture to pronounce "most tolerable, and not to be endured," that being the cast of most juvenile verse. Nor is it much more difficult, we fancy, to determine the poets he read in youth, supposing his taste did not come to him by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing. If he began to read poetry in his twelfth year—and he could hardly have read it before—he must have read Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion," and Moore's "Odes and Epistles,"

and still later, his "Twopenny Post-bag," and "Fudge Family," besides the standard poets of the previous age, and the age of Elizabeth. These last, however, he would not be likely to admire much, or to imitate; the young seldom having taste enough to follow the old, rather delighting in the new; consequently the new poet, like the rest of the world, was delighted with Scott and Moore; and their mingled influence, and the influence of Byron, as developed in "Beppo," and "Don Juan," both of which were published during Halleck's noviciate, pervaded his manner of thinking and writing. The versification of Scott and Moore, who were both masters of the octo-syllabic measure, is reproduced in "Alnwick Castle," and "Marco Bozzaris," and the *ottava rima* of the Italian poets, first introduced into English by Byron, or rather by Frenc, in his "Whistle-craft" poems, is reproduced, or, more strictly speaking, its style is reproduced—for Halleck wrote the verse in six lines instead of eight—in "Fanny." Setting aside the fact of his borrowing other people's measures, which he had a right to do if he pleased, it is to be regretted that he borrowed their style with them—reflected their tendency to badinage and burlesque; neither of which qualities was natural to him, or worthy of his naturally serious genius. But of that more, perhaps, anon.

In his eighteenth year, says Dr. Griswold again, Halleck removed to New-York, where he has since resided; that is, up to the time of his (the doctor's) writing biographies of "The Poets of America." From his eighteenth year, we know next to nothing of the young poet; nor much, indeed, afterward; nor even to-day, though he is to be seen occasionally in our streets, healthy and rubicund. We should say he made a good use of his time in youth, as far as education went. He is said to be a good English scholar, beside being a proficient in several of the modern languages. There is a certain air of taste about his compositions which can only be the result of thorough scholarship. In 1819, his twenty-fourth year, we hear of his publishing what Dr. Griswold calls his "effusions," in the Evening Post, under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co." In the production of these pleasant satires, still says the biographical doctor, he was associated with Dr. Drake,

the author of "The Culprit Fay," a man of brilliant wit and delicate fancy, with whom he was long intimate. Drake died in 1820, and his friend soon wrote for the New-York Review, then edited by Bryant, the lines to Drake's memory, beginning, "Green be the turf above thee."

What the Croaker poems were, if "The Recorder" and "The Epistles," included in some of the editions of Halleck, are not among the number, is more than we can say. They created a sensation, if that be anything in their favor. "The curiosity of the town," says William Leggett, "was greatly excited to know by whom these poems had been written, and they were ascribed, at different times, to various literary gentlemen, while the real authors were for a time entirely unsuspected."

Near the close of 1819, Halleck published "Fanny," his longest poem. The success of "Fanny," as far as readers and editions went—for it is unsuccessful as a poem—was decisive. "Who," says one of the critics of the time,—"who has not read Fanny—both the first and second editions of it—that delightful bagatelle, which some unknown and highly-favored *protégé* of the muses has brought out, to turn care into mirth, gravity into light-heartedness, ennui into self-complacency, and pride, pedantry, affectation, extravagance, folly, and the 'first society,' into fun?"

Fanny may be said to have established Halleck's reputation. In 1827, he published a small volume containing Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and a few other poems which had previously appeared in various miscellanies. Between this volume and the publication of "Fanny," if we may credit passages in "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," Halleck visited Europe. In the former poem he says:—

"I've wander'd through the lofty halls
Tro'd by the Percies of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name."

And in the latter:—

"I've stood beside the cottage bed,
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

"And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument, that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To the bard-peasant given."

England and Scotland then, if there be any truth in song, were thus visited by

Halleck. In 1836 he published another volume, or rather another edition of his poems, including all his serious pieces then written. What his occupation has been for so many years is not distinctly stated. He is said to have been engaged in commercial pursuits. In "The Poet's Daughter," one of his cleverist serio-comic poems, he classifies himself as being "in the cotton trade and sugar line." It is certain that he was for some years one of the superintendents of the affairs of John Jacob Astor. He must have been a good business man to have enjoyed the confidence of such a shrewd old capitalist. Yet Astor's leaving him a paltry legacy of two hundred dollars per annum, does not say much for his estimation of him, either as a man or poet. It was a shabby affair, make the best of it.

That Halleck has written so little is not to be wondered at, when we remember the circumstances of his life. That he was able to attend to his business and write poems at all is somewhat remarkable. Not that a poet cannot be a good business man if he likes, but being that he must soon cease to be anything else; for Apollo is jealous of Plutus, and Plutus is jealous of Apollo. Plotting, scheming, and over-reaching one's rivals in trade; giving notes of hand at thirty, sixty, and ninety days, and paying the same when due; hanging about Wall-street, and talking the jargon of the brokers; sitting on three-legged stools, and balancing accounts from sunrise to sunset; adding up or subtracting rows of black figures in parallel red lines; being, in fact, a commercial man—either as head of the firm, partner, or silent partner, or even clerk or book-keeper,—is not the way to become, nor the way to remain a poet, even a poor one. That Halleck, and Sprague, and Rogers, and many more whom we might name, have been able to unite the two professions, is a little surprising, and would be worthy of praise, had they only united them effectually; but the merchant has swallowed the poet, as the rod of Aaron swallowed the rods of the Egyptian enchanter.

For our single selves we wish that Halleck had never been a poet, or that, having been one, he had always remained one, excluding from his mind the merchant and man of the world. How far a man of talent is bound to work that talent for the benefit of the world, to the detriment of his

fortune, and the endangering of his luxuries and needs, will always be a matter of opinion; with genius it is never a question. Pure genius fulfills its duty and performs its mission regardless of consequences; regardless of needs and luxuries and all private considerations. And its self-sacrifice and abnegation is always repaid tenfold. When Genius begins to suffer for its *genius*—it sometimes suffers for its *folly*—it begins to grow good and great. There always seems to have been a want of earnestness in Halleck, a want of abiding faith in the beautiful and true. He is possessed by a spirit of *persiflage*, which leads him to laugh at his serious thoughts—we do not mean at his religious, but simply at his serious thoughts, and to cross his serious poems by touches of comic humor. What he may have written since the death of Astor, when he “cut” business, and went back to Guilford again; and what he may have on hand, in the shape of poems, if he has anything, is best known to himself and friends. A fragment, entitled “Connecticut,” published some months ago, was unworthy of living, though as good as the general run of his comic verse; it was trumpeted loudly, but made no sensation. If he has any more of the same sort left, we advise a bonfire somewhere in his neighborhood. The woods and fields which surround him at Guilford, may be inspiring to his genius. If the fountain of song be not altogether dried up in his heart, it should flow at Guilford again gladly and brightly; yet with a certain solemnity withal, the result of years of intercourse with men.

To thoroughly analyze Halleck’s poetry, we should require pages; not because he has written so much, or because what he has written is of so much consequence, but because much of it violates many of the fundamental rules of taste and art, which would have to be stated and perhaps defended in full. Having neither space nor time to do this, we must content ourselves with a few examples of his merits and demerits, and a few brief remarks thereon.

We open the volume at the beginning, at “Alnwick Castle,” one of his best poems. In “Alnwick Castle,” we see the effect of Scott’s romances, both in their versification, and in their recalling the memory of the feudal, or, as poor Tom Hood used to call them, the *foodle* ages. There

is something prompt, terse, and business-like, in the management of the poem. Though a true poem, it does not strike us as the work of a poet, so much as the work of a practical man poetically inclined—a man with rhetoric, and the other helps to poetry, at his finger-ends. A poet, we think, would have dwelt upon its beautiful side alone; would have lingered over

“The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy’s proudest border story;”

over the pictured dome, the soldiers’ march, and Kate and Hotspur on the hill, to the exclusion of

“Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boars, and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line,” etc.

“And him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons;”

not forgetting that “ten-and-sixpence sterling,” the loss of which left such an aching void in the poet’s heart and pocket. Alnwick Castle belongs properly and only to the past—the feudal, chivalrous past—and should never be numbered with the present—the poetically common-place, but prosaically useful present. The contrasts are too glaring to meet in the same picture; the two elements will not unite. There is a quiet grace and pensive thoughtfulness about parts of the poem, which makes us forget, and almost atones for, the blemishes we have mentioned. The second stanza is beautiful:—

“A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely on England’s fadeless green,
To meet the gentle stream which winds
Through this romantic scene;
As silently and sweetly still,
As when at evening on that hill,
When summer’s wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur’s side
His Katharine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.”

Poe admired the opening of the fourth stanza, and praised it highly. When Poe did praise anything there was no half-way work about it:—

“Wild roses by the abbey towers,
Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They are born of a race of funeral flowers,
That garlanded in long-gone hours
A Templar’s knightly tomb.

“This,” says Poe, “is gloriously imaginative; and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from iambs to anapests. The passage I

think the noblest to be found in Halleck, and I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all American poetry." Fine it certainly is, especially the line italicized, that about the race of funeral flowers, the beautiful mutes of nature.

"Marco Bozzaris" it is impossible to judge. Like Hamlet's Soliloquy, Young Norval's Grampian-Hill speech, and the other crack pieces in the school-books, it has been drilled into us till we are thoroughly tired of it; we know it so well, we cease to know it at all. Poe says it has much lyrical, without any great amount of ideal beauty. Force is its prevailing feature,—force, resulting rather from a well-ordered metre, vigorous rhythm, and a good disposal of the circumstances of the poem, than from any of the truer lyric material. "I should do my conscience," still says Poe, "great wrong, were I to speak of 'Marco Bozzaris' as it is the fashion to speak of it, at least in print. Even as a lyric, an ode, it is surpassed by many American, and a multitude of foreign compositions of a similar character." There is nothing puny in "Marco Bozzaris," nor in that manly poem, perhaps Halleck's best, which commemorates the bard-peasant, Burns. In this last occur the felicitous lines, now familiar "as household words,"—

"The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

"Wyoming" is a serious poem, partly descriptive of that famous locality, and partly reflective. It would be excellent but for a few weak lines, and one horribly comic point, which we have italicized. The poet has been speaking of woman, who is too high—

"To be o'erpraised even by her worshiper,
Poesy."

"There's one in the next field of sweet sixteen,
Singing, and summoning thoughts of beauty,
born

In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
'Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,'

Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn!"

What was intended to be accomplished by that forced, coarse, and unnatural part, is more than we can conceive. If it is an attempt to raise a laugh, it is a failure, unless we laugh at the author's expense. It is out of "keeping," and wholly irrelevant to the matter and manner of the poem, and to the matter and manner of poetry

generally; nay, we say plumply, to all poetry. For there is no such thing as a coarse, burlesque, mocking poem; no more than a coarse beauty, a burlesque truth, a mocking religion. The divine element of the beautiful, which is the only true element of poetry, admits nothing of the kind; and, so far as a poet raises a laugh at his poetry, just so far does he degrade himself and the muse. He, of all men in the world, should be the last to doubt his inspiration, and to mock his work. If he has no faith in himself, who can have?

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Something better than "Wyoming," and poems of that description, is the poem on the death of Drake:—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

"Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

"When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth.

"And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and wo were thine,—

"It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
And I've in vain essay'd it,
And feel I cannot now.

"While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fix'd too deeply
That mourns a man like thee."

Somewhat different is the fine poem of "Red Jacket." Never has the Indian character generally, and the character of Red Jacket particularly, been more happily analyzed and described, than in the concluding stanzas. The poem opens with a rather equivocal compliment to Cooper:—

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's
woven,

First in her files, her pioneer of mind,
A wanderer now in other lands has proven
His love for the young land he left behind;

"And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-
wrought,

Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought."

Setting aside the nonsense of weaving a name, it is absurd to call Cooper the pioneer of American mind. That he wrote the first strictly American novel, in the popular way of talking, we are willing to admit; but surely other kinds of writing required mind as well, and engaged the attention of American minds before Cooper was thought of. There were great men living in Greece before Agamemnon, and mind-pioneers in America before James Fennimore Cooper. In writings of pure mind, we have as yet produced nothing superior, if indeed anything equal, to old Jonathan Edwards's "Treatise on the Will," the arguments of which a recent French critic has pronounced to be equal to those of Descartes. Equally absurd is the picture of America robed in the deluge rainbow! Fancy the *tableau*. Here is Asia, with the dust of ruin on her mantle; there Africa, the fetters on her hands; yonder Europe, the stately Amazon, stern in her mailed charms;* and here, towering before us, our own great country, robed in a deluge rainbow, magnificently enough! But how magnificent! we want a comparison here. "Magnificent as his (Cooper's) own mind's creations,

"And beautiful as its green world of thought."

Really, gentlemen, you are too modest entirely; it really can't be so grand, this little America of ours. To be sure we have some tolerable forests, mountains and prairies, a few great lakes and rivers, and the falls of Niagara, (but never a poet to sing it!) some odd number of battlefields stained in the old time with free blood, but certainly nothing from Maine to California equal to Cooper's novels and Halleck's poems. A few words here from Poe. He has been speaking of the early American writers, and their extravagant fame. "Those rank first," says he, "who were first known. The priority has established the strength of impression. Nor is this result to be accounted for by mere deference to the old saw—that first impressions are strongest. Gratitude, surprise, and a species of hyper-patriotic triumph have been blended and finally con-founded with admiration or appreciation in regard to the *pioneers* of American

literature, among whom there is not one whose productions have not been grossly overrated by his countrymen. Hitherto we have been in no mood to view with calmness, and discuss with discrimination, the real claims of the few who were *first* in convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless, as at one period she half affected, and wholly wished to believe. Is there any one so blind as not to see that Mr. Cooper, for example, owed much, and Mr. Paulding nearly all, of his reputation as a novelist to his early occupation of the field? Is there any one so dull as not to know that fictions which neither of these gentlemen *could* have written, are written daily by native authors, without attracting much more of commendation than can be included in a newspaper paragraph? And again, is there any one so prejudiced as not to acknowledge that all this happens because there is no longer either reason or wit in the query, 'Who reads an American book?'"

But to return to Halleck, to whom this will apply as well as to Paulding and Cooper. The local allusions in many of Halleck's poems interfere greatly with one's enjoyment in reading them. The epistles and comic poems refer to men, manners, and politics obsolete and forgotten, and should be elucidated with notes, those sinking millstones on verse, but necessary in such cases, even if the poem must founder; it had better founder than strand and decay away on the sands. In some instances the *locale* is confined to a line or two; in others it is the warp and woof of the poem. This is to be regretted, as it will be a serious drawback to their future and permanent fame. Your true and profound artist, we remark *en passant*, be he poet, painter, or sculptor, works for the future, in preference to the present; laboring for all time rather than for the day, shaping from time whatever of the permanent it embodies, recasting its ideals into creations for eternity. Every real work of art is complete and perfect in itself; in so far as art needs explanation, needs to be labeled and commented upon, needs accessories and surroundings, just so far it is imperfect and incomplete. Halleck, if we may judge of his feelings by a clever passage in his clever epistle "To the Recorder," does not agree with us in this matter, and in that of future fame. "For me," says he, in his graceful and melodious lines,—

* It is scarcely necessary to say that these impersonations are taken from Bayard Taylor's fine poem, "The Continents."

"For me,
I rhyme not for posterity;
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise,
When I, their ancestor have gone,
And paid the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays.

No: if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of fame
Like Garcia's, let me hear it."

A few words on "Fanny," and the class of compositions to which it belongs, and we have done.

"Fanny" is popular, we conceive, because it is written in a "taking," but false school of verse. This is emphatically the age of smartness, and "Fanny" is, comparatively speaking, a smart poem. It is, as we said before, an imitation of "Don Juan," which, in our opinion, is the most execrable school of verse ever in vogue, the very incarnation of mockery and infidelity. We leave to others the discussion of its moral tendencies, and take it up solely on the ground of taste and feeling. Not only does it violate the commonest principles of taste,—we speak of the school now, not of any particular poem,—but the best and purest feelings of the human heart; robbing man of faith in himself and his fellows, checking him in his nobler aspirations and emotions, or holding them up in such a ridiculous light that he is ashamed of them, even stripping the material world itself of its beauty and comfort. Nothing is safe from its sneers; it lays its irreverent hands on everything; is an universal image-breaker, a caster down of all temples and altars, false and true; its only aim is to be smart, to make a point, to raise a laugh, at any cost, at any sacrifice; purity and beauty of style, symmetry and proportion, sense and meaning, everything gives place to what its vitiated taste considers wit and humor, bearing the same proportion to true wit and humor that the galvanized grins of a corpse do to the hearty natural laugh of a jovial living man.

"Don Juan," despite its inherent faults, is in many of its parts truly poetic, and rarely missed being a true and exceedingly beautiful poem. It is beautiful, and sublime, in parts, because Byron was a great poet, with infinite capacities of mind.

"He should have been a glorious creature; he
Had all the energies which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos, light and darkness,
And mud and dust, and passions and pure
thoughts,
Mix'd and contending, without end or order,
All dominant and destructive."

The wit of Don Juan is of the keenest; the humor, for there is real humor in it, genial and hearty, and its melancholy and pathos are positively beautiful. Everywhere are scattered

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The "Fanny" of Halleck, and all other of the Don Juan imitations that we are acquainted with, are at best but faint copies of their wonderful original, without its faults, and without its merits, or possessing both in such homeopathic doses that they were better without them. "Fanny" has no merit as a story—indeed it pretends to none; and in our opinion—we may err, however—but little point as a satire. It is very thinly spread and diffusive; running on stanza after stanza, and page after page—for there are some eleven or twelve hundred lines of it to no palpable end, save that of making points, and saying smart things, both of which it does with considerable success. Once allow the legitimacy of the school of writing to which it belongs, and "Fanny" proves itself quite a poem.

In conclusion, let us say that we consider Halleck a good poet spoiled: he is a good poet in "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," "Red Jacket," and "Magdalen;" and a good poet spoiled in "Fanny," and the other comic poems. Whether the spoiling process was owing to his circumstances of life, his bad models, the spirit of the age, or to himself, Fitz-Greene Halleck, individually, we shall not attempt to determine; perhaps their combination is the nearest to the truth. But the deed is done, and can't be helped. If one is not too critical, and we hope we have not been so, there is a good deal of pleasure to be got out of Halleck's volume. We must not look the gift horse too closely in the mouth.

A GOLDEN RULE.—"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back."



LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

THE city of Lichfield, a hundred and twenty years ago, was reckoned, next to Exeter, the most considerable town in all the midland counties of England. It was the seat of a bishopric, and possessed its venerable cathedral. In yet earlier times also it was a place of some note; a castle crowned its hill-top, where scenes of war and revelry were witnessed by turns. In the times of the heptarchy, Lichfield was the capital of the kingdom of Mercia; and after their junction, of Mercia and East Anglia. Though not the shire-town of Staffordshire, in which it was situated, it enjoyed, by virtue of its franchises, most of the immunities of a county-town; and, in fact, its municipal corporation embraced in its domain a large portion of the county of Stafford, quite outside of the city. In the progress of affairs, during the seventeenth century and the former part of the eighteenth, this region kept pace with other parts of the kingdom. Its population was a settled one, chiefly occupied in husbandry, but not more rustic than the same classes in other parts. Among the principal families were a fair proportion of educated persons, whose attainments and social position entitled them to the, at that time, somewhat

definite distinction of "the gentry." Out of these old families have arisen, especially during the last century, a large number of individuals who have achieved for themselves imperishable reputations.

Compared with modern English towns of very moderate pretensions, however, Lichfield, in 1732, was a place of but little elegance or wealth. It was a long straggling town lying on both sides of the Trent, with only a few good houses, and in its whole aspect evincing very little taste or regard for personal convenience in its inhabitants. It might, indeed, boast of its cathedral, its free-school, and an extensive hospital for the sick and the poor. It had, however, but little trade, and its manufactures were inconsiderable. It lay on the great post-route leading to the northwest, and was a resting-place for the royal mail stages; so that the town was often filled with travelers, and its taverns were its most important establishments. But even then the growth of trade was beginning to effect those changes by which so thorough a revolution has been wrought in the social affairs of the nation. The old families that had long enjoyed hereditary opulence, with incomes of two or three hundred pounds, were, by

the relative depreciation of money, becoming reduced to comparative poverty. Thus forced to increased activity, the younger members of such families began to seek more lucrative occupations, by which to maintain their position in society. In this manner began the movement of the country people to the cities and larger towns, by which the urban population has been greatly increased, and the interests of commerce and manufactures advanced beyond those of agriculture. Into this city of Lichfield, with all its provincial simplicity, we must now follow the subject of our observations.

Johnson's connection with the university ceased, nominally, on the eighth of October, 1732, but it had virtually terminated some months before that time. In addition to the personal affliction already named, pecuniary want stood in the way of his completing his academical education. The resource on which he had depended when he first went to Oxford had failed in consequence of the return home of young Corbett; and the remittances from his father, which had never been large, were now wholly suspended by reason of the almost complete wreck of the affairs of the Lichfield bookseller. He, therefore, left college finally, without a degree, and returned home, himself wholly destitute of the means of a livelihood, and his father's fortunes in ruins.

There are periods in human life when the severest calamities seem to come in troops, overwhelming all earthly hopes in a common ruin. Such seemed now to be Johnson's case. Only two months after the formal dissolution of his connection with Pembroke College his father died; and such was the reduced condition of his estate, that upon its distribution, only *twenty pounds* fell to his eldest son. In a little diary kept by Johnson at that time, is the following significant entry,* indicating at once his poverty and the greatness of his spirit in that dark hour: "I this day lay by eleven guineas, having received twenty pounds from my father's estate, which is all I can expect before

the death of my mother, which I pray may be far off. I am henceforth to fashion my own fortune. In the mean time let me take care that my spirit be not depressed by poverty, and that want do not betray me into baseness." He had now come to the threshold over which he must pass from the protection of parental care and go forth alone to the battle of life. The world was indeed rising up before him, but without smiles or promises. Everything in prospect was dark, cold and forbidding.

The respectability of Johnson's parents, as well as his own good character and education, gave him ready access to the best society in Lichfield, and it is known that he maintained a good degree of intimacy with some of the best families of the place. He has himself informed us, in his *Life of Edmund Smith*, of his intimacy with and esteem for the family of Mr. Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield, a man of much learning and politeness, to whose conversation Johnson confessed himself always indebted. He was also on terms of friendship with the family of Captain Garriek, father of him who has made that name renowned throughout the world. The professional relations of Dr. Swinfen to his father's family and to himself individually, readily opened an intimacy between them. Besides these there were others of the same class of society to whom Johnson had ready access, and by whom he was treated with the consideration due to his character and the social condition of his family. Intercourse with such society probably did something toward smoothing the natural roughness of his manners, and also toward giving him practical notions of social life.

There was a time in the history of most persons who have achieved their fortune, and risen from poverty and obscurity to independence and renown, when the first wants of our nature became the all-engrossing subjects of interest,—when the questions, "What shall I eat?" and, "What shall I drink?" and, "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" were painfully forced upon the attention, much less by avarice than by stern necessity. That period was to them a season of discipline, in which their souls gathered the strength by which subsequent triumphs were made, though many sink under its burdens and

* The entry is in Latin, as follows: "Undecim aureos deposui, quo die quicquid ante matris funus (quod serum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperari licet, viginti scilicet libras accepi. Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est. Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant, nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum."

are heard of no more. Upon this probation Johnson was now entering, and for a somewhat protracted season he must be contemplated in the low valley of humiliation, struggling against want, and looking forward with only a dim and distant prospect, to the great world before him.

The improved condition of his health, both physical and mental, not long after the death of his father, enabled him to comply with the demands of his circumstances, and look about for some remunerative employment.



MARKET-BOSWORTH SCHOOL.

The situation of usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, in Lichfield, was accordingly accepted by him; but, as might have been anticipated, that occupation proved irksome to the last degree. In a letter to a friend, a companion of his childhood, Mr. Hector of Birmingham, he complained of it as altogether intolerable, and declared that because of its monotonous routine of daily duties, one day contained as much as a whole lifetime; and that he scarcely knew whether it were more disagreeable for him to teach or for the boys to learn the grammar rules. To his discomforts in the school were added yet greater trials in his domestic affairs. He was domiciliated in the family of Sir Wolston Dixie, the patron of the school, where he officiated as a kind of domestic chaplain, and was treated with so much indignity that his situation became intolerable, and such was the impression made on his mind, that in his subsequent life this period was never referred to without evident horror. It is very probable that his host was proud, and of a violent temper,

and looking upon his usher-chaplain as a kind of domestic servant, he treated him accordingly; but in forming a judgment of the whole matter the state of Johnson's mind and nervous system should not be forgotten. After enduring the complicated misery of his situation for a few months, he relinquished it with most positive disgust.

Not long afterward he visited Birmingham at the invitation of Mr. Hector, but without any definite purpose as to finding employment there. Birmingham was

then an inconsiderable country town, giving very little promise of the activity and progress that has raised it to the grade of a second-class city of the present time, and made it one of the most extensive seats of industry in the whole world. A few years before, there was no bookseller's shop in all the town, and the father of Dr. Johnson was accustomed to open a stall there on market days. But at this time a Mr. Warren had become established there as a book-

seller; with him Mr. Hector boarded and lodged, and Johnson also now became an inmate of his house. The acquaintance thus accidentally formed seemed fortunate for both parties, as Johnson was able to be serviceable to his host both in his shop and in furnishing matter for a small newspaper issued by him. It is matter for regret that none of these earliest productions of the pen that afterward achieved so much in that very department, remain to the present time; for though their intrinsic value might be small, yet, as the first essays of a mighty genius, they could not fail to possess great interest.

Having no settled plan of life, he remained at Birmingham longer than he expected when he first came there. The list of his acquaintances was gradually enlarged; and among the families with whom he became somewhat intimate were those of Mr. Porter, a mercer—whose widow he afterward married—and Mr. Taylor, who subsequently accumulated a fortune by his mechanical ingenuity.



BIRMINGHAM IN 1730.

His principal inducements for continuing at Birmingham were, however, the pleasure of being near his friend, Mr. Hector, and the employment and remuneration afforded him by Mr. Warren. It was while he was thus tarrying at this place, that he undertook and executed the first literary work, which deserves to be ranked in the long list of the productions of his pen. An arrangement was made between himself and Mr. Warren, that the one should translate out of the French, and the other publish, the account of a voyage to Abyssinia, by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit missionary, which Johnson had read at Pembroke College, and now spoke of in high terms of praise. The volume was accordingly procured, and a part of the work speedily accomplished, which was at once put into the hands of the printer; but the whole work was presently brought to a stand, by the indomitable indolence, or rather mental and bodily lassitude, of the translator. In this emergency his friend Hector, who knew his character, plied him with a motive to action that he knew would be most likely to prevail. Representing to him that the printer could do nothing else till this was finished, and that a helpless family were depending on his labor for their sustenance, this kind-hearted man entreated Johnson, for their sakes, to arouse himself to activity. The expedient was successful. Taking the volume before him, as he sat up in his bed, he dictated his translation, while Hector wrote it down from his lips. In

this way the work was completed; and, though printed at Birmingham, the date on the title-page is, *London, 1735*. The work performed by Johnson was one of no literary pretensions,—the design being simply to render into English the account of the Jesuit missionary. It however very satisfactorily demonstrated his capacity for the work of a translator. An original preface was prefixed, in which the hand of the future Johnson may be distinguished, though as yet it had not attained the force or facility that so distinguished its later performances. It appears that this narrative made an enduring and lively impression on Johnson's mind; as there can be no doubt that to this cause we are indebted for at least the form and imagery of "Rasselas," and the fiction of "Seged, King of Ethiopia," found in the Rambler.

In August, 1734, a literary project was laid before the public, issuing from the city of Lichfield. This was no other than proposals to publish by subscription "the Latin poem of Politian, with a history of Latin poetry from the age of Petrarch to the times of Politian, edited by *Samuel Johnson*." Such an undertaking certainly evinces on the part of the proposed editor a good degree of confidence, though not an exaggerated one, in his own abilities. Not much, however, can be said in favor of the enterprise in its commercial aspects, as it could not be reasonably expected that a volume of Latin poems, issued by an obscure individual in a re-

mote country town, would meet with such demand as to justify the undertaking. Had the work been performed, the historical and critical portion would, doubtless, have made a valuable contribution to the history of literature; but as the progress of the undertaking depended on the success of the subscription, it is no cause of surprise that the book was never issued.

The same year he was again at Birmingham, where we trace him by an affair sufficiently trifling in itself, yet connected with the circumstances by which he at length rose from his present depression. A few years previous to that time the "Gentleman's Magazine" had been projected, and given to the public by Mr. Edward Cave. This man was a native



EDWARD CAVE.

of Newton, in Warwickshire; but during his childhood and youth his father resided at Rugby, following the trade of a shoemaker. The celebrated grammar school at Rugby was then, as it has continued to be, among the best in the kingdom; and as by the rules of the foundation he had a right to be instructed there, the opportunity was not neglected. Having thus obtained a good classical education, young Cave was apprenticed to a printer, and thus kept in close relation with literature and learned men. His mind naturally inclined to projects and untried expedients, in many of which he engaged, and most of them proved wholly abortive. Having acquired a large amount of information on all current topics, he at length fancied that he could make his knowledge available in the form of a monthly pamphlet, which with self-complacent assurance he called the Gen-

tleman's Magazine. By great diligence and indomitable perseverance, seconded by a good degree of tact, the work became an interesting and attractive vehicle for facts, fancies, good-humored gossip, and fugitive literature. Encouraged by his success, the compiler now sought to give his magazine the character of a journal of polite literature. Being a great lover of poetry, though a very incompetent judge of that article, he offered a prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on "Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell;" and supposing that so great a prize would call out all the great poets of the kingdom, he offered the allotment of the reward to the universities: but neither the great poets nor the universities would have anything to do with the business—greatly to the surprise, but not to the discouragement, of the indefatigable publisher.

Cave's proposal came under Johnson's notice at Birmingham; but whether he entered the list of competitors for the prize is not known, though it is presumed he did not. He however addressed an anonymous letter to the publisher suggesting certain improvements in the conduct of the magazine, and proposing to supply him, "on reasonable terms," with "short literary dissertations, remarks on authors, ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, and loose pieces worth preserving." The correctness of his taste and judgment, as to what a literary magazine should be, is very fully displayed in that letter. An answer was returned by the publisher, addressed as Johnson had desired; but it is not known that anything was done in the matter till some time afterward.

After the experiment at the school of Market-Bosworth, Johnson would not be very likely to incline strongly to the office of a school-teacher; but the stern demands of want seldom wait upon tastes or caprices. The mastership of the grammar school of Solihull, in Warwickshire, being vacant, his faithful friend, Mr. Walmsley, endeavored to procure the place for him; but the application was unsuccessful, on account of "the roughness of his manners," and "an involuntary habit of distorting his face." A similar attempt to obtain a more humble situation in the school at Brewood, met with no better success, and for the same reasons. His affairs had certainly reached a very deep depression; and one

may hesitate between pausing for a little while to sympathize with his sorrows, and hastening forward to consider the next portion of the story, by which the gloom of this dark picture gives place to the serio-comical exhibition that soon followed.

From quite an early period of his youth Johnson had been susceptible to the influence of the "tender passion." While at Stourbridge school he became enamored of a young Quaker girl; but the affair resulted in nothing more than a few amatory verses. He had indeed exercised his muse in the same service before he left Lichfield, in a piece addressed to "a Young Lady [Miss Hickman] playing on a Spinnet;" and while residing with Mr. Hector at Birmingham, he composed a little piece for that kind friend to be sent to a lady from whom Hector had received a "sprig of myrtle." But these were only superficial impressions made upon the surface of a susceptible heart, and they were as transitory as they were superficial. But in the early part of 1735, he became the victim of a deeper and more enduring influence, from which he was quite unable to free himself. His friend Porter, the mercer of Birmingham, had died not long after his first acquaintance with the family; and now, strange enough, Johnson became desperately enamored of his widow. Though both of them were persons of real respectability, and not very widely separated in their social positions, yet beyond this every thing seemed to forbid their union. Johnson wanting the means to obtain his daily bread, it seemed sheer madness for him to think of providing for a family, and Mrs. Porter had but little to bring to him. Then the disparity of their ages presented a scarcely less formidable obstacle; she was almost fifty years old, and he short of twenty-seven. But such was the power of passion upon him, that all these things were neglected; and strange enough, his love was reciprocated with an equally blind impetuosity.

A gossiping anecdote is told relative to the style of their courtship, which, though rather wanting in authenticity, is sufficiently characteristic. Johnson informed Mrs. Porter that "he was of mean extraction, had no money, and had had an uncle hanged." Mrs. Porter was not to be outdone in condescension; she replied,



MRS. JOHNSON.

"that she valued no one more nor less for his descent; that she had no more money than himself; and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty that deserved hanging." Johnson therefore hastened to Lichfield to obtain his mother's consent to their marriage; and though she well knew the madness of the whole movement, she was too wise to offer a futile opposition to the foregone determination of her son.

In matters of love and matrimony, personal appearances are subjects of some consideration; it may not be amiss, therefore, in this place to gratify the reader with such descriptions of the persons of the pair thus brought together, as are within reach. Of Johnson, we have the following account from Miss Porter, who, by his marriage, became his step-daughter: "When first he was introduced to my mother his appearance was most forbidding; he was lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule." The account of Mrs. Johnson is by Mr. Garrick, whom the love of mirth may be suspected to have led to some degree of exaggeration. He described her as "very fat, with an unusually full bust, with swelled cheeks of a florid red—the color produced by thick painting, and a liberal use of cordials. She was flaring and fantastic in her dress,

and affected both in her speech and her general behavior." After all this, the reader will be ready to credit the declaration of Dr. Johnson, made to an intimate friend in the days of his greatness: "Sir, it was a love-marriage on both sides."

For some unexplained reason, the marriage was solemnized at Derby, and not at Birmingham. The journey thither was performed by the happy pair on horse-back, and on the way a somewhat curious case of lovers' quarrels occurred. Johnson thus related the affair to Boswell, who of course incorporated it into his biography of his "illustrious friend":—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I

rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end; I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me; when she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This probably will be thought a singular beginning of a course of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson was a most affectionate and indulgent husband as long as his wife survived, and that he mourned her loss, when she was taken away, with a deep and sincere sorrow.



EDIAL HOUSE.

Being now a man of family, Johnson bethought himself to find out some reliable means of subsistence. He accordingly set up a private boarding-school, and for this purpose hired a large house called Edial Hall, situated not far from his native city. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736, may be seen an advertisement in these words: "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by *Samuel Johnson*."

But this undertaking failed to answer the expectations with which it was taken in hand. He obtained only three pupils, two of whom were the afterward celebrated David Garrick, and his younger brother, George. As a pecuniary enterprise, this school was of course a failure, and Johnson seems to have had no better relish for the office of master than he had before found for that of usher. Nor did he succeed in commanding the reverence of the few pupils that were committed to his

care: his oddities and awkwardness became subjects of merriment with them, and especially his clumsy caressings of his wife, whom he constantly designated his *Tetty*—a provincial diminutive for Elizabeth.

That Johnson was not successful as an instructor of youth can be matter of surprise to no one at all acquainted with the character of his mind. Great abilities are not only uncalled for in that business, especially where elementary instruction is to be given; they may, by leading the mind to other subjects, and by causing an overlooking of the difficulties through which common minds must force their way to knowledge, become a positive disqualification. The mind of the teacher needs to rest calmly in its occupation, while the theme of instruction fills the whole field of intellectual vision. Great gentleness of temper and inexhaustible patience are also indispensable; and to all these must be added certain habits of order and regularity, by which the requisite knowledge shall be always at hand, and ready to be communicated. It is almost useless to say, that Johnson lacked almost every one of these qualifications. However much he might respect the office of an instructor of youth, it was an office whose duties he could never successfully perform. After struggling against his multiplied embarrassments for a year and a half, he at length abandoned the enterprise as utterly hopeless.

Of his literary occupations during his residence at Edial, we have but little information. The duties of his family and his school would necessarily afford all the employment that one so little inclined to activity might desire. It was also the beginning of his married life; and however ludicrous the idea may appear, he was unquestionably a most devoted and romantic lover, long after he had passed to the sober relation of a husband. It is probable, therefore, that literature received less of his attention during this period of his life, than during any previous term of the same length. It is known, however, that within this time he projected, and in part executed, the tragedy of *Irene*, of which a fuller account will be given in another place.

He borrowed a Turkish history of Mr. Peter Garrick, elder brother of the actor, out of which to draw the materials; and

as the work advanced it was submitted to the friendly criticism of Mr. Walmsley, whose lively appreciation of the talents of the writer, and genial kindness of heart toward one so gifted and yet so depressed, caused him to take much interest in the unfinished production, and to recommend an attempt to have it brought forward on the London stage.

And now Johnson was again unmoored upon the open ocean of life. The world was before him, but it offered very little to awaken his hopes and to elicit efforts to obtain the little that it had to offer. But a more potent influence was operating upon him, and impelling him to action. One may consent to forego the honors and pleasures of life, but the demands for daily sustenance are not so easily thrust aside; and when to one's own personal necessities are added those of the objects of the heart's warm affections, if there be any spirit in him, all the energies of a man will be called forth to battle against want and to bear up against despair. This was now Johnson's condition; how well he sustained himself in it will appear in the sequel.

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE OF SPLUGEN.

THERE was something to me peculiarly affecting in this wreck of humble power: it touched at least a new modification of the feelings with which we regard the remains of old time, which violence has battered, and nature has rendered lovely. From visions of knightly banquets, desperate defenses, regal sufferings, which the silent dignity of the "child of loud-throated war" revives, it is pleasant for once to muse over the vestiges of common men who made an attempt at perpetual succession—to feel the spirit of antiquity hallowing the poor remains of a place where authority, ever needed by man, once held its narrow sway—perhaps not less revered by the old or less feared by the young, than the wisdom which grew immortal in codes, or the power which was terrible in blood. Here, at all events, in old time, was humanity struggling for a date beyond the span of individual life—the ambition, the pride, the vanity of civic power; and here is dust, silence, and, therefore, interest for the human heart.—*Sergeant Talfourd.*

THE ALCHEMISTS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the search for the philosopher's stone was continued by thousands of the enthusiastic and the credulous; but a great change was introduced during this period. The eminent men who devoted themselves to the study totally changed its aspect, and referred to the possession of their wondrous stone and elixir, not only the conversion of the base into the precious metals, but the solution of all the difficulties of other sciences. They pretended that by its means man would be brought into closer communion with his Maker; that disease and sorrow would be banished from the world; and that "the millions of spiritual beings who walk the earth unseen," would be rendered visible, and become the friends, companions, and instructors of mankind. In the seventeenth century more especially, these poetical and fantastic doctrines excited the notice of Europe; and from Germany, where they had been first disseminated by Rosencreutz, spread into France and England, and ran away with the sound judgment of many clever but too enthusiastic searchers for the truth. Paracelsus, Dee, and many others of less note, were captivated by the grace and beauty of the new mythology, which was arising to adorn the literature of Europe. Most of the alchemists of the sixteenth century, although ignorant of the Rosicrucians as a sect, were, in some degree, tinctured with their fanciful tenets.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

THIS alchemist has left a distinguished reputation. The most extraordinary tales were told and believed of his powers. He could turn iron into gold by his mere word. All the spirits of the air and demons of the earth were under his command, and bound to obey him in everything. He could raise from the dead the forms of the great men of other days, and make them appear, "in their habit as they lived," to the gaze of the curious who had courage enough to abide their presence.

He was born at Cologne in 1486, and began at an early age the study of chemistry and philosophy. By some means or other, which have never been very clearly explained, he managed to impress his



CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

cotemporaries with a great idea of his wonderful attainments. At the early age of twenty, so great was his reputation as an alchemist, that the principal adepts of Paris wrote to Cologne, inviting him to settle in France, and aid them with his experience in discovering the philosopher's stone. Honors poured upon him in thick succession; and he was highly esteemed by all the learned men of his time. Melanethon speaks of him with respect and commendation; Erasmus also bears testimony in his favor; and the general voice of his age proclaimed him a light of literature and an ornament to philosophy.

He was made secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, who conferred upon him the title of chevalier, and gave him the honorary command of a regiment. He afterward became professor of Hebrew and the *belles-lettres* at the University of Dôle, in France; but quarreling with the Franciscan monks upon some knotty points of divinity, he was obliged to quit the town. He took refuge in London, where he taught Hebrew and east nativities, for about a year.

He was afterward invited by Margaret of Austria, governess of the Low Countries, to fix his residence in her dominions. He accepted, and by her influence was made historiographer to the Emperor Charles V. Unfortunately for Agrippa, he never had stability enough to remain long in one position, and offended his patrons by his restlessness and presumption. After the death of Margaret he was imprisoned at Brussels, on a charge

of sorcery. He was released after a year; and quitting the country, experienced many vicissitudes. He died in great poverty in 1531, aged forty-eight years.

While in the service of Margaret of Austria, he resided principally at Louvain, in which city he wrote his famous work on the *Vanity and Nothingness of Human Knowledge*. He also wrote, to please his royal mistress, a treatise upon the *Superiority of the Female Sex*, which he dedicated to her in token of his gratitude for the favors she had heaped upon him. The reputation he left behind him in these provinces was anything but favorable. A great number of the marvelous tales that are told of him relate to this period of his life. It was said, that the gold which he paid to the traders with whom he dealt, always looked remarkably bright, but invariably turned into pieces of slate and stone in the course of four-and-twenty hours. Of this spurious gold he was believed to have made large quantities by the aid of the devil, who, it would appear from this, had but a very superficial knowledge of alchemy, and much less than the Maréchal de Rays gave him credit for.

Naudé, in his "*Apology for the great Men who have been falsely suspected of Magic*," takes a great deal of pains to clear Agrippa from the imputations cast upon him by Delrio, Paulus Jovius, and other such ignorant and prejudiced scribblers. Such stories demanded refutation in the days of Naudé, but they may now be safely left to decay in their own absurdity. That they should have attached, however, to the memory of a man who claimed the power of making iron obey him when he told it to become gold, and who wrote such a work as that upon magic, which goes by his name, is not at all surprising.

PARACELSUS.

THIS philosopher, called by Naudé "the zenith and rising sun of all the alchemists," was born at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, in the year 1493. His true name was Hohenheim; to which, as he himself informs us, were prefixed the baptismal names of Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus. The last of these he chose for his common designation while he was yet a boy; and rendered it, before he died, one of the most famous in the annals of his time. His father, who was

a physician, educated his son for the same pursuit. The latter was an apt scholar, and made great progress. By chance the work of Isaac Hollandus fell into his hands, and from that time he became smitten with the mania of the philosopher's stone. All his thoughts henceforth were devoted



PARACELSUS.

to metallurgy; and he traveled into Sweden that he might visit the mines of that country, and examine the ores while they yet lay in the bowels of the earth. He also visited Trithemius at the monastery of Spannheim, and obtained instructions from him in the science of alchemy. Continuing his travels, he proceeded through Prussia and Austria into Turkey, Egypt, and Tartary, and thence returning to Constantinople, learned, as he boasted, the art of transmutation, and became possessed of the *elixir vita*. He then established himself as a physician in his native Switzerland at Zurich, and commenced writing works upon alchemy and medicine, which immediately fixed the attention of Europe. Their great obscurity was no impediment to their fame: for the less the author was understood, the more the demonologists, fanatics, and philosopher's-stone hunters seemed to appreciate him. His fame as a physician kept pace with that which he enjoyed as an alchemist, owing to his having effected some happy cures by means of mercury and opium—drugs unceremoniously condemned by his professional brethren. In the year 1526, he was chosen professor of physics and natural philosophy in the University of Basle, where his lectures attracted vast numbers of students. He denounced the writings of all former physicians as tending to mislead; and publicly burned the works of Galen and Avicenna, as quacks

and impostors. He exclaimed, in presence of the admiring and half-bewildered crowd, who assembled to witness the ceremony, that there was more knowledge in his shoe-strings than in the writings of these physicians. Continuing in the same strain, he said, all the universities in the world were full of ignorant quacks; but that he, Paracelsus, overflowed with wisdom. "You will all follow my new system," said he, with furious gesticulations, "Avicenna, Galen, Rhazis, Montagnana, Memé—you will all follow me, ye professors of Paris, Montpellier, Germany, Cologne, and Vienna! and all ye that dwell on the Rhine and the Danube—ye that inhabit the isles of the sea—and ye also, Italians, Dalmatians, Athenians, Arabians, Jews—ye will all follow my doctrines, for I am the monarch of medicine!"

But he did not long enjoy the esteem of the good citizens of Basle. It is said that he indulged in wine so freely, as not unfrequently to be seen in the streets in a state of intoxication. This was ruinous for a physician, and his good fame decreased rapidly. His ill fame increased in still greater proportion, especially when he assumed the airs of a sorcerer. He boasted of the legions of spirits at his command; and of one especially, which he kept imprisoned in the hilt of his sword. Wetters, who lived twenty-seven months in his service, relates that he often threatened to invoke a whole army of demons, and show him the great authority which he could exercise over them. He let it be believed that the spirit in his sword had custody of the elixir of life, by means of which he could make any one live to be as old as the antediluvians. He also boasted that he had a spirit at his command, called "Azoth," whom he kept imprisoned in a jewel; and in many of the old portraits he is represented with a jewel, inscribed with the word "Azoth," in his hand.

If a sober prophet has little honor in his own country, a drunken one has still less. Paracelsus found it at last convenient to quit Basle, and establish himself at Strasbourg. The immediate cause of this change of residence was as follows. A citizen lay at the point of death, and was given over by all the physicians of the town. As a last resource Paracelsus was called in, to whom the sick man promised a magnificent recompense, if, by his means,

he were cured. Paracelsus gave him two small pills, which the man took, and rapidly recovered. When he was quite well, Paracelsus sent for his fee; but the citizen had no great opinion of the value of a cure which had been so speedily effected. He had no notion of paying a handful of gold for two pills, although they had saved his life, and he refused to pay more than the usual fee for a single visit. Paracelsus brought an action against him, and lost it. This result so exasperated him, that he left Basle in high dudgeon. He resumed his wandering life, and traveled in Germany and Hungary, supporting himself as he went on the credulity and infatuation of all classes of society. He cast nativities—told fortunes—aided those who had money to throw away upon the experiment to find the philosopher's stone—prescribed remedies for cows and pigs, and aided in the recovery of stolen goods. After residing successively at Nuremberg, Augsburg, Vienna, and Mindelheim, he retired, in the year 1511, to Saltzbourg, and died in abject poverty, in the hospital of that town.

If this strange charlatan found hundreds of admirers during his life, he found thousands after his death. A sect of Paracelsists sprang up in France and Germany, to perpetuate the extravagant doctrines of their founder upon all the sciences, and upon alchemy in particular. The chief leaders were Bodenstein and Dorneus. The following is the summary of his doctrine, founded upon the supposed existence of the philosopher's stone; it is worth preserving from its very absurdity, and is altogether unparalleled in the history of philosophy. First of all, he maintained that the contemplation of the perfection of the Deity sufficed to procure all wisdom and knowledge; that the Bible was the key to the theory of all diseases, and that it was necessary to search into the Apocalypse to know the signification of magic medicine. The man who blindly obeyed the will of God, and who succeeded in identifying himself with the celestial intelligences, possessed the philosopher's stone; he could cure all diseases, and prolong life to as many centuries as he pleased, it being by the very same means that Adam and the antediluvian patriarchs prolonged theirs. Life was an emanation from the stars—the sun governed the heart, and the moon the brain. Jupiter governed the liver, Saturn the gall, Mer-

cury the lungs, Mars the bile, and Venus the loins. In the stomach of every human being there dwelt a demon, or intelligence, that was a sort of alchemist in his way, and mixed, in their due proportions, in his crucible, the various aliments that were sent into that grand laboratory, the belly. He was proud of the title of magician, and boasted that he kept up a regular correspondence with Galen from hell; and that he often summoned Avicenna from the same regions to dispute with him on the false notions he had promulgated respecting alchemy, and especially regarding potable gold and the elixir of life. He imagined that gold could cure ossification of the heart, and, in fact, all diseases—if it were gold which had been transmuted from an inferior metal by means of the philosopher's stone, and if it were applied under certain conjunctions of the planets. The mere list of the works in which he advances these frantic imaginings, which he called a doctrine, would occupy several pages.

JACOB BOHMEN.

JACOB BÖHMEN thought he could discover the secret of the transmutation of metals in the Bible, and invented a strange heterogeneous doctrine of mingled alchemy and religion, and founded upon it the sect of the Auracrucians. He was born at Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed till his thirtieth year the occupation of a shoemaker. In this obscurity he remained, with the character of a visionary and a man of unsettled mind, until the promulgation of the Rosicrucian philosophy in his part of Germany, toward the year 1607 or 1608. From that time he began to neglect his leather, and buried his brain under the rubbish of metaphysics. The works of Paracelsus fell into his hands; and these, with the reveries of the Rosicrucians, so completely engrossed his attention, that he abandoned his trade altogether, sinking, at the same time, from a state of comparative independence into poverty and destitution. But he was nothing daunted by the miseries and privations of the flesh; his mind was fixed upon the beings of another sphere, and in thought he was already the new apostle of the human race. In the year 1612, after a meditation of four years, he published his first work, entitled *Aurora, or the Rising of the Sun*; embodying the ridiculous notions of Paracelsus, and worse

confounding the confusion of that writer. The philosopher's stone might, he contended, be discovered by a diligent search of the Old and New Testaments, and more especially of the Apocalypse, which alone contained all the secrets of alchemy. He contended that the divine grace operated by the same rules, and followed the same methods, that the divine providence observed in the natural world; and that the minds of men were purged from their vices and corruptions in the very same manner that metals were purified from their dross, namely, by fire.

Beside the sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders, he acknowledged various ranks and orders of demons. He pretended to invisibility and absolute chastity. He also said that, if it pleased him, he could abstain for years from meat and drink, and all the necessities of the body. It is needless, however, to pursue his follies any further. He was reprimanded for writing this work by the magistrates of Görlitz, and commanded to leave the pen alone and stick to his wax, that his family might not become chargeable to the parish. He neglected this good advice, and continued his studies; burning minerals and purifying metals one day, and mystifying the word of God on the next. He afterward wrote three other works, as sublimely ridiculous as the first. One was entitled *Metallurgia*, and has the slight merit of being the least obscure of his compositions. Another was called *The Temporal Mirror of Eternity*; and the last, his *Theosophy Revealed*, full of allegories and metaphors:—

"All strange and geason,
Devoid of sense and ordinary reason."

Böhmen died in 1624, leaving behind him a considerable number of admiring disciples. Many of them became, during the seventeenth century, as distinguished for absurdity as their master; among whom may be mentioned Gifftheil, Wendenhagen, John Jacob Zimmermann, and Abraham Frankenberg. Their heresy rendered them obnoxious to the Church of Rome; and many of them suffered long imprisonment and torture for their faith. One, named Kuhlmann, was burned alive at Moscow, in 1684, on a charge of sorcery. Böhmen's works were translated into English, and published, many years afterward, by William Law.



THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and through the ancient town

Rest and rejoicing meet—
A little child comes wandering sadly down
The silent street:
Alone and very sorrowful is he,
Fatherless and motherless;
He has no friend on earth a Christmas-tree
For him to dress.

With tearful gaze he turns his steps aside
Where gleams the light
From a tall house, and youthful figures glide
Before his sight,
As each, with festal dress and happy brow,
Surrounds a gorgeous tree;
And there he asks, "Amid these is there now
No place for me?"

"They look so happy, surely they are kind,"
With trembling hand
He gently knocks, and craves a place to find
Where he may stand,
Contented but to gaze upon the show,
With grateful prayer,
That they the sad reverse may never know
Which brings him there.

Alas! alas! no place for him is there,—
With scornful jest
They drive him forth into the cold night air.
To seek for rest

'Neath some more modest roof, where warmer
A nook may spare, [hearts
And gladly own that sharing joy imparts
More to their share!

Hark! 'tis a burst of hearty merriment—
The child draws nigh,—

'Tis from a burgher's simple tenement,
With longing sigh

He watches the glad group of faces bright,
And so for him

He thinks the fir-tree once was deck'd with
lights;

His eyes grow dim,

And timidly he knocks, again to tell

His piteous tale.

Alas! for him—on stony ears it fell
Without avail!

The door is closed against him, and in vain,
With grief indeed,

He gazes through the latticed window pane—
No one takes heed!

Weeping he turns away, and passes by
Both light and sound,

From many a humble roof and mansion high
Scatter'd around:

Then pauses meekly by the lowliest door,
Where a faint ray

Breaks through, and shows how fast the little
store

Of tapers wear away.

Alas! alas! his latest hope is vain—
 By word and blow
 Of harsh unkindness driven forth again,
 Where shall he go?
 The night is dark—but the poor orphan child,
 Amid his wo,
 Bethinks him of the infant Saviour mild,
 And kneeleth low
 In prayer to Him who is not slow to hear
 He kneeleth there;
 And soon he sees a little child draw near,
 Exceeding fair,
 With whitest raiment shining like the day
 And crown of light,
 And as he moves along the darken'd way
 All becomes bright!
 So to that patient wanderer came he
 And bade him raise
 His wond'ring eyes where springs a glorious
 tree,
 And offer praise
 To God who heareth the sad orphan's cry,
 And sendeth aid
 When earthly hope is none, and misery
 Maketh afraid.
 No longer sad and fearful is that child—
 He turns to see,
 Where stands at bidding of the infant mild
 His Christmas-tree!—
 A wondrous tree, radiant in heavenly light.
 With one glad bound
 He leaves the gloom of sorrow's bitter night—
 His home is found!

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

IN our last article on this subject, we affirmed that the great requisite of the Church, in this age, is a wider and profounder realization of the *spiritual life* of Christianity—that the materialistic tendencies, especially the materialistic infidelity of the times, do not require the old polemic defenses of Christianity so much as its more general spiritual demonstration in the life of the Christian world. We contended that this resuscitation of the primitive spiritualism of the Church, as an offset to the materialism of modern life, is the only security of Christianity in this and the coming age—that the fact must not be admitted merely with the ordinary religious commonplaces, but become a powerful conviction of the Christian world, and work out a revolution in its condition—that the next characteristic phase of Christendom must be either a general and thorough renewal of its spiritual life, subordinating to this its usual dogmatic, sectarian, and economical modes of defense, or general and materialistic Rationalism, with a corresponding loss of spiritual energy and moral

purity. One thing is certainly obvious, viz.: that the dogmatic and sectarian characteristics of the Church cannot, in their present form, long survive these times; they must give way; they must be substituted by something better, or something worse; and let all good men rejoice that the providence of God is pressing the Church up to this necessity. It is a good augury.

We endeavored to show, also, in our last article, that such a restoration of the "primitive ideal" of the Church would, first, present an invincible reply to the prevalent infidelity by verifying the spiritual pretensions of Christianity; second, it would promote dogmatic orthodoxy, though without attaching fastidious importance to it—for the heart, rather than the head, is the source of heterodoxy; and, third, it would give increased energy to all the practical schemes of Christianity. Thus is it the great and final vindication of Christianity. Devout men intuitively see it to be such. Alas, that the sheer truism of the sentiment should render its admission as heedless almost as it is universal!

Next to this great general truth, and inseparable from it, these times require, as we have intimated, an *abatement of the sectarianism of the Church*. We place our foot here, we are aware, on very delicate ground; but we must be allowed to do it with an unhesitating step. We have bespoken a liberal exemption from fastidious criticism in these articles; presenting, as we do, a plea for our common Christianity, allow us to do it without petty precautions. In no form would we present that plea more fearlessly than in a protest against the driveling, the enormous, the intolerable sectarianism of the times, and especially of our own country.

There are some advantages alleged in favor of this great evil, and it would be anomalous, indeed, even among disasters, if it had no good tendencies. War, famine, and pestilence have some in the providence of God; but most of the usual apologies for this sad deformity of the Church are, we think, of very questionable character, and Christian men would help their cause better by acknowledging and lamenting the occasion of objection which it affords their opponents, than by disguising, or excusing the evil.

One of its alleged advantages is the

accommodation which it affords for varying opinions among good men. But what does this amount to, other than an admission that it is a substitute for that forbearance in matters not fundamental, which the temper of Christianity should itself secure; that it is, in other words, a substitute for Christian charity, and in precisely the case where, if anywhere, that virtue should be most manifest. A thing inherently evil like this cannot be thus sanctified. Christianity cannot thus admit a moral evil that good might come of it; such an evil can find no analogy in those calamities or providential evils which, in the form of chastisements, are often found intrinsic blessings. Far otherwise. Nor let it be pleaded that this almost endless division and subdivision of the Church has an analogy in the civil and social divisions of mankind. If the former, like the latter, were founded in local necessities, and were promotive of good reciprocal relations, the argument would be more plausible; but it originates in, and is kept up by, sentiments of mutual variance; there is moral defect at the core of it, and inseparable from it, and this moral defect, whatever may be said of the contrary possibility, *is*, and, from the known tendencies of human nature, will ever inevitably be essential in it. It becomes the more startling when we remind ourselves how little real occasion there is in our dogmatic differences for such egregious organic distinctions. A sensible writer remarks* :—"We believe that were the whole class of topics whose substance or essential forms are disputed among evangelical Christians, wholly separated from our creeds and instructions, the symmetry of gospel truth would not be marred by the excision." The remark needs some, but not much qualification.

The question whether our common Christianity is more honored and promoted by that squeamish persistence in such differences, which has filled Christendom with polemic bubble, and estranged its rended communities, in many instances, quite beyond any practical relations, if not beyond any mutual recognition, except a mere theoretical one—the question whether it is thus honored and promoted more than it would be by the tolerance

which would be necessary to allow these differences of opinion without such organic differences, is one upon which we decline here to speak; it would be trifling with the common sense and best feelings of the reader.

Nor is the argument, which is founded on the practical rivalry of sects in Christian labors, much more plausible. A sad reflection would it be, not only upon our poor human nature, but upon our faith, if the latter had to avail itself of the petty jealousies and bickerings occasioned by our differences on secondary subjects, to promote its works of love and mercy in the world. The man who so teaches is rebuked by the whole tenor of the Scriptures, and the whole temper and ideal of Christianity. He has yet to learn the elementary sentiment of his religion. Such a concession would befit the worst form of Jesuitism; it would justify practical Jesuitism.

And it is not only theoretically, but practically, false. No prominent scheme of Christian usefulness extant can be shown to be promoted by any such course. Only in very limited spheres, where sects are brought into close proximity, will it be found to give them energy, and then usually in a manner to do more mischief than good—embittering good men, and provoking the contempt of worldlings and infidels. On the contrary, it will be found that in proportion as an individual man becomes addicted to the great practical purposes of Christianity, will his spirit rise above his sect to the catholic sentiments of his faith; and what is thus found true of Christians personally, is found true also of them collectively. But enough of this.

While the advantages of sectarianism are so equivocal, what may not be said of its manifest evils? We can here but refer to a few of them.

One of the worst of them is, that by the importance which it gives to secondary opinions, it allows them to interfere so much with what we have called *substantive Christianity*. Upon the latter we can all stand, (all included in this discussion,) and standing there we are bound absolutely to mutual sentiments and offices with which our sectarian alienations are nearly as incompatible as light with darkness. We have been contending in these articles for the "spiritual life" of Christianity; this spiritual life is its spiritual

* Article on Jacob Abbott's Christian Series, in the last Methodist Quarterly Review.

substance. Substantive Christianity consists of this infinitely more than it does of the dogmas or even the ethics of the system. The former always presupposes what is essential in the latter; but the latter do not necessarily presuppose the former. The Christian world recognizes this distinction theoretically; why can it not do so practically? Why not drop most (we will not say all) of its merely sectarian pleas and endeavors in a common devotion to this common interest? Why? The reason, alas! is too egregious to be doubtful. Our sympathies are more enlisted for our sectarianism than for what is common and substantive in our faith. The charge is a daring one, but it is a true one. And yet, for the honor of our common cause, let it have what qualification it can; true we soberly believe it is, as an actual fact; but it is to be hoped that it is so in the sense in which often good citizens, at heart loving their country and ready to vindicate it unto death, yet, in the strifes of politics, come almost to forget their country in their party. Whatever may be the alleged defects of the Church, it is yet the refuge of the virtue and the hope of our race: it has been tossed on the billows of disastrous centuries, and the storms have left their effects upon it; but it still outrides them—the only ark of the surging world—and freighted with most, if not all, the moral heroism, the saintship, and martyrdom of history. Let this be said of it confidently. Yet let it confess and deplore its errors. Let it bear in mind the ease and the threatened judgment of the Church of Ephesus, which, while it could “not bear those which were evil,” and could boast of its “works, and labor, and patience,” and “tried them which said they were apostles and were not, and found them liars,” and “hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes,” nevertheless had “left its first love,” was pronounced “fallen,” and admonished to “repent,” and threatened with the removal of its “candlestick out of its place.”

Napoleon, in his conversations at St. Helena, said that “hundreds of thousands of men had died for Jesus Christ;” yes, and hundreds of thousands are there now on the earth who would die joyfully for him, should the occasion come. Christianity still has its hold on the hearts of men, notwithstanding the lamentable de-

fects of Christendom. These defects, however, have, in the Church, their retributive reactions; and few retributions which have befallen it are more calamitous than that degree of judicial blindness which has come of its polemical and sectarian strifes, and by which the non-essential in its system has been made so much to eclipse the essential, and distinctive prejudices to supersede the law of universal charity. It is a calamity far more disastrous than those more ostensible afflictions with which God sometimes chastises and reclaims his people.

Another, and in this country a sore effect of this evil, is *the waste of resources* which is occasioned by our sectarian rivalries. What expenditures of time, talent, and money are engulphed in this vortex? The evil is national among us. Where is the State, at least a free one, in our confederation which does not show it in the superfluous multitude of its colleges. Not a third of those now in existence are really needed; not a tenth of them are self-supporting, or can ever expect to be. They neither live nor let live. The higher education of the land is almost universally deteriorated by their inefficiency. Their pupils suffer for want of thorough means of training; their faculties suffer for want of competent support; the Churches suffer by incessant and yet unavailing contributions for their endowment. The evil is a most palpable one; it stares us in the face all over the country, and the leading minds of all denominations feel it to be an egregious folly, and its remedy a formidable problem.

Nor is this waste confined to our educational provisions. In the denser sections of the country it is seen, in its most repulsive form, in even our smallest villages. Such is the subdivision and jealousy of sects that denominations and chapels are multiplying among us, especially in our rural communities, beyond not only the wants of the people, but beyond their means of support. In the Eastern States, particularly, this evil is growing formidable. Villages are everywhere to be found having at least twice the number of chapels needed by their population; none of them adequately supported, and yet each sect struggling almost to agony to maintain the impotent, the worse than useless, we were about to say the abhorrent, competition. This, too,

among sects which acknowledge their differences not to be fundamental! What a proof of the first consideration urged above against this enormous evil!

The Christian leaders of the country must yet come to a more serious examination of this subject. If not by its general moral aspects, it will yet by its local and fiscal results compel the attention of the American Church. We doubt not that it has a close connection with the declension of the Christian ministry, now so much deplored by nearly all denominations. Churches thus subdivided and wasted in competition cannot support their teachers, and young men will not be found willing to suffer martyrdom by starvation for this miserable warfare of sects. Even could they get their bread, yet the moral repugnance which the better class of minds must feel for the office of leadership in such petty guerilla strife, must discourage many of them from entering a profession, the nobler fields of which appeal to every sentiment of devotion and heroism of which the human heart is susceptible.

A third, and very serious result of this evil, is its moral effect on the Church. We need not enlarge on this phase of the subject; it is at once too manifest and too repulsive for much remark. Is there a catholic-minded man among us who does not see it and deplore it? Is there a sect among us which does not show it? Not only does its moral ugliness deform sects as public bodies, but it often marks characteristically their individual members, and men of habitual intercourse with the various denominations find it not very difficult, now-a-days, to discern the sectarian relations of a man by indications entirely personal. Such is the penetrating, the assimilating power of class sentiments—those sentiments which the good sense of the world has characterized as *prejudices* in contradistinction to generous and universal truths—that they modify often the subtlest habits of thought, the features, the very tones. Truth is great, and it must prevail, says the old Roman maxim; but error has a quicker, if not a more durable power, over human nature than truth. It finds in the corruption of human nature a readier susceptibility than truth finds in its reason and conscience. False religions always have a stronger hold on the people than those which are comparatively pure. The

Papist is more devotional, if he is not more devout, than the Protestant. Petty errors mixed with great truths will thus often work out a more characteristic effect on men than the great truths themselves: the latter may be comparatively neutralized by perverse incidental accompaniments. Popery has every essential truth of Christianity in its theology, but scarcely one of them in its ecclesiastical life. Let us be thankful that there is so much genuine piety among our numerous sects; but let not this be a reason why that piety should be marred and distorted by bigotry for secondary opinions. It is well that the Protestant world should consider the question whether a larger exhibition of evangelical charity would not be more valuable to the truth than the sectarian maintenance of the dearest of these opinions.

We mention but one more of the many disadvantages of our prevalent sectarianism, and that is the occasion it affords to infidel scorners—and not to them only; for it must be admitted that the egregious character of the evil has become loathsome to many honest minds, and repels them to the opposite extreme of irreligious liberalism, and a practical disregard, if not denial, of Christianity. This is their error, but we give the provocative to it. It is unreasonable, to be sure; for Christianity, as presented in its revelations, and also as extant amid the infirmities of the Church, transcendently distinguishes itself above these incidental detractions, and the many good men who, in all sects, exemplify its power, even while trammelled by such defects, may, pointing to its living substantive truth in their midst, say, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish,"—but is that a reason why we should afford an occasion, however fallacious, for such offense? On the contrary, is there not ground here for deep humiliation before God, and for most earnest amendment before the world?

These times, we insist, require a reform throughout Protestant Christendom in this respect. The internal condition of the Church requires it. Its external relations to Popery, and the growing infidelity of the day, and the general sentiment of the civilized world, require it. There is not a good instinct in our own hearts, as Christian men, that does not demand it. We may apologize for it, and hypothesize about its possible advantages, or its un-

avoidableness, or the practical difficulties of any remedy, or "the better day coming," in which, if we are patient, we may "see eye to eye"—yet there is not a large and devout mind among us which does not feel that every day the evil is endured in its present inveterate character, is a humiliation to the Church, and a concession to her enemies—be our apologies and hypotheses what they may.

But what is the remedy? The question, we are aware, has beset the reader through all these paragraphs. It is one, however, that, we confess, troubles us very little, and we shall not here perpetrate the folly of proposing any original scheme of reform, or of indorsing any old one.* Great ameliorations, like that needed in this case, seldom or never take place, with any permanence, in either Church or State, suddenly or by any unique mechanism of means. The creation of a *right public sentiment, not the contrivance of schemes*, is the task of the true reformer. Such a sentiment is all we are concerned about in these articles. Is the evil we have discussed real? Can Christian men be made to see and feel it as such? That is all we now care about. Any other question we thrust aside as irrelevant to the moment. Create such a public sentiment, and you have done "the duty nearest to you," and, according to the Goethean maxim, all others will reveal themselves in due order. Such a sentiment, without perhaps the slightest outline of a scheme, would work its effects by a thousand subtle and gradual processes, which in due time would consummate themselves in an aggregate and conclusive result. The most inexorable evils of history have thus given way before the progressive power of public sentiment. The Torture, the Duel, Feudalism, the absurdities of Astrology, Witchcraft, and Knight-errantry, have melted and disappeared under its light,

* It must not be inferred from this remark that we give our humble verdict against the movement of the World's Convention—the Christian Alliance; on the contrary, we look upon it as an indication full of good import. Had it adopted a less cumbersome machinery, and especially had it been more hopefully approved by the Protestant world, its results might have been more appreciable. It was at least a memorable proof of the conviction felt by good men in all parts of Protestant Christendom, that our sectarian variances need reform, and the beginning, we trust, of further efforts toward it.

with no systematic machinery for their extinction.

Let us not then ask here for remedies. We begin with the legitimate remedy when we discuss the evil. Settle once the conviction of its moral enormity, its incompatibility with the best Christian sentiments, and with the good reputation of the Church among those who are without, its injurious local and financial effects—drag it out before the gaze of the Church, thus with its genuine attributes of deformity and mischief—and you will compel Christian men to think, and talk, and pray, against it; they will emancipate themselves personally from its influence; one after another of its manifestations will give way, one after another of its modes of action be denounced and abandoned, and thus might we hope that slowly but surely it would give place to an era of genuine and general catholicism.

MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.

I STEPPED aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers toward the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico.*

DON'T GET IN DEBT.—"Men generally," says a philosopher, "look upon a debtor as in some degree their own property. Pecuniary difficulties break all ties, absolve from all courtesy, raise the creditor to the eminence of a despot, and often inspire him with the desire of exercising the arbitrary powers of one. The helpless debtor must be suspected, accused, insulted in silence."

A VISIT TO "THE TIMES" OFFICE.

HAVING obtained an order to view the printing-offices and machinery of *The Times*, upon arrival at the Printing-house, at eleven o'clock in the morning, we were attended by the printer; and found that we had come just in time to witness not the least interesting part of the process which daily goes on in this wonderful establishment.

As we entered the "Lower News Room," a special messenger arrived from the Dover railway, bringing with him a paper parcel, which was immediately opened, and its manuscript contents—"our own correspondent's" budget from Paris—were in an incredibly short period published in a second edition. All was excitement, but not confusion. The compositors were summoned from the "Advertisement Room," and the "copy" was cut up into numerous bits, consisting of eight or ten lines each, for the purpose of being distributed among them. As one after another finished his few lines, he was supplied with another portion. The news that morning was important and lengthy. Column after column was composed, read, and corrected nearly as quick as thought. The overseer glanced at the work, and found that it extended to five columns. This was more than he had room for, as the intelligence which constituted the second edition of the day previous—and which was to be replaced by that just finished—had made scarcely half the quantity. No time was to be lost, however, in hesitation. The page of type in which the second edition was to appear was accordingly taken to pieces—the fresh "matter" made up, the less important general news being excluded to make room for the extra quantity.

Having watched this interesting operation, we followed our conductor up a handsome stone staircase, into the "New Machine Room," to witness what may well be regarded as one of the most singular and important inventions of the age—printing from forms of type in a vertical position. *The Times*, as every spread of that paper is aware, on being spread out, presents a surface of four pages on each side. In technical phrase, four pages make a "form;" and there being two new machines, the "outer form," consisting of the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth

pages, is placed on one; and the "inner form," pages two, three, six, and seven, on the other. The page of which we had just seen the completion, was fixed upon the center cylinder of one of the machines, along with its three companion pages, which had already done duty that morning in the first impression. The notice "all right" was speedily given, when whirl went the machine with an astonishing velocity. Round the large cylinder there are placed eight smaller, or printing, cylinders; and, as the "form" comes in contact with the printing cylinders, there are eight copies of *The Times* produced at every revolution. The general speed is at the rate of ten thousand copies an hour; but, when the paper is late, and the "saving of the post" to be effected, twelve thousand an hour, or two hundred a minute, are printed. The principle upon which this vast number of impressions is obtained is capable of almost indefinite extension; in fact, a sufficiently large cylinder, with corresponding apparatus, could as easily produce one hundred thousand as ten thousand copies an hour. This invention, for which the world is indebted to Mr. Applegath, has been in use upward of three years, and its complete success is placed beyond a doubt. During that period, we were given to understand, no interruption has occurred; and as many as fifty thousand impressions have been made in one day without any occasion to brush the types over. The two machines are driven by Bishop's Patent Disc Engine—also a new and important application of steam to rotary motion—the principal characteristics of which are, economy in space, simplicity of construction, and the ease with which it may be driven at from fifty to two hundred revolutions a minute.

The circulation of *The Times* had, it appears, increased to such an extent that, previous to Applegath's invention, the publication was frequently not completed before eleven or twelve o'clock in the forenoon; while, with the increased circulation of the present time, it would have been still later before the printing could be finished by the old method; so that a vertical machine, or a duplicate set of types, became absolutely necessary to supply the constantly augmenting demand. *The Times* can now be had in the remotest corner of London as early as eight o'clock.

By the time the first edition is digested, the second edition—which was established to meet the growing wants of the public, and one day's printing of which we had just witnessed—is ready; and we could see by the number of anxious newsmen outside the publishing-office, that the circulation even of this mid-day publication is large. In the city it is much sought after, on account of the continental news, the prices on the London Stock Exchange, and the telegraphic, ship, and other intelligence from Liverpool and Southampton, which it invariably contains.

The Times was the first newspaper ever printed by steam. On the 24th of November, 1814, the public were informed, through the columns of that paper, that the experiment of printing with cylindrical machines, with steam as the motive power, had proved completely successful; and that the reader held in his hand one of many thousand impressions thus procured. The achievement, however, had not been accomplished without the exercise of judgment, patience, and perseverance. The pressmen were so determined in their opposition, that the preliminary operations had to be conducted with the greatest secrecy; and they were only reconciled to this innovation upon what they conceived to be the rights of manual labor, by the assurance on the part of the proprietor of *The Times*, that they would not be losers by the change—that their wages would be guaranteed them. The pressmen in *The Times* office were thus protected; but they saw nothing in prospective for their trade but absolute ruin. Mark the groundlessness of their fears—the fallacy of their reasoning! In 1814, we do not suppose there were more than half-a-dozen pressmen engaged; now, exclusive of an overseer and engineers, there are about fifty hands employed in the machine department of this establishment! The two vertical machines alone, when at work, require the attention of thirty-four men!

We next visited the "Wetting Room," which is situate immediately under the "New Machine Room." Several men are here constantly employed in damping the paper, and preparing it for printing. On entering, we found immense piles stacked about in every direction; and the scene resembled more the warehouse of a wholesale stationer than the damping-room of a single newspaper. Some idea of the quan-

tity consumed may be formed from the fact, that the excise duty on the paper used by *The Times* amounts to \$80,000 a year. This large contribution to the revenue is irrespective of the stamp duty, which reaches nearly the sum of \$350,000 annually.

The advertisement department, to which we were next conducted, presented many interesting features. *The Times*, as almost every one knows, is the most extensive medium in Europe for advertising; and the nicety of system and spirit of business so apparent could alone produce the results for which this branch of the establishment is so noted. For every advertisement received, a numbered receipt is given, with printed directions how to act in case of its non-appearance. The number, description, address, and date of reception of every advertisement are entered in a book; so that, on any inquiry being made, a reference to the entry at once gives the necessary information. The "copy," received in the counting-house, is sent up-stairs to the "Advertisement Room," where there are about forty compositors engaged in the daily work of converting into types the wants and wishes of the community. Some of those wants and wishes, however, if given literally to the world, would convey anything but the meaning of the advertisers, and would show marks of a very imperfect acquaintance with either Dr. Johnson or Lindley Murray; but, with the skill of the compositors and the care of the readers, the "rarest manuscript" is made out, and proverbial accuracy is insured. Rectifying defective orthography is one of the easiest of the many difficulties a compositor has to contend with. There can be no doubt, for instance, as to the meaning of "a young man who rites a good hand" wanting a "city-washing (situation) as klarke or lite portre;" but objectionable syntax is quite another matter. It sometimes occurs that a housemaid offers "to do for a whole family;" or a laundress, to "scrub children by the dozen;" while advertisers, with higher pretensions, would be nothing the worse for consulting Archbishop Whately's "Book of Synonyms" before volunteering to undertake "to impart tuition to the sons of gentlemen." Considering the mass of advertisements that daily appear in the "leading journal," were there no pains bestowed upon their

arrangement, the object of the advertisers would be comparatively unaccomplished. But under the system of classification which prevails, the public can at once fix its eye upon the particulars of anything which its real or imaginary wants may suggest the possession of—the whereabouts of articles of luxury as well as of necessity can be discovered without any difficulty; or the collector of such mysterious announcements as “Pray, return to your disconsolate and broken-hearted wife,” and “Door-mat and beans to-night,” as instinctively glances at the top of the second or third column as the politician turns to the fourth page.

When it is mentioned, that about \$100,000 is paid as duty on the advertisements inserted every year in *The Times*, the public will form some conception of the vast extent of business transacted with the advertising world; but, great as that sum is, the amount would have been much larger were it not for the strict *surveillance* exercised to detect and exclude everything which is in any degree doubtful in character. The disgusting quack notices, which disfigure so many of the provincial, and not a few of the metropolitan papers, have no admittance in *The Times*; nor will the most extravagant sum procure the insertion of a line which is susceptible of the slightest immoral tendency. We were given to understand that even advertisements with the words “apply, inclosing a postage stamp,” are excluded. But, the more this department is pruned, the more it grows. The advertisement current, it appears, flows on so increasingly, that the publication of a supplement is rendered necessary almost every day, even during the recess. The expense thus involved, as the supplement is given gratis, is enormous; and there is no doubt the circulation of the paper is hampered thereby. We believe this to be the “consideration” alluded to in the following sentence, from the evidence given by the manager of *The Times*, when examined last year before the Parliamentary Committee on Newspaper Stamp Duties:—“He had no doubt in the world, that if there were no consideration beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, it could be made to double itself in a couple of years.” Were we inclined to encroach on the province of Adam Smith, or to read a lecture on

modern political economy, the above quotation would form a good groundwork for urging upon the attention of the Legislature the immediate repeal of at least that part of the Newspaper Stamp Duties Act which confines the size of newspapers within certain limits. The supplements issued with *The Times* are a mass of taxation; the advertisements are taxed thirty-six cents each; every sheet is taxed one cent; and the excise duty on the paper amounts to something considerable. When the circulation reaches a given point, the value of the advertisements in the supplement, and the value of the stamps and paper balance each other; and, it is obvious, every copy of *The Times* sold beyond that point, is disposed of at a positive loss. Hence the necessity of limiting the circulation.

During what is known as the “busy season,” frequent recourse is had to double supplements—or the issue of *The Times* twice the size of itself—to clear off the advertisements. We were informed that, a few weeks ago, as many as between eighty and ninety columns of advertisements were ready for insertion in one day; and, in the middle of last March, the influx was so great that it became necessary to publish three double supplements in the course of one week. On such occasions, although nothing additional is charged to the public, the Stamp-office exacts four cents for every impression. Following up the curious calculations made by a writer in “Notes and Queries,” regarding the publication of *The Times* on the 10th of February, 1840, containing an account of the royal nuptials, we find that, were the whole of the issue of the three supplements just alluded to, cut into single columns and tacked together, it would extend a distance of nearly two thousand miles. By another calculation, were all the supplements of the three publications opened out and joined together, they would stretch out a length of upward of ninety miles; or, beginning at Euston-square, would cover the rails of the London and North-Western line to within twenty miles of Birmingham!

The day of our visit happening to be a “Mail day,” we witnessed the process, which takes place three times a-week, of issuing *The Times* without the advertisements, under the title of the *Evening Mail*. The *Mail* circulates principally in the

country, where it is better known than in London.

Preparations were making for getting the supplement ready; and, as a heavy debate was expected in both Houses of Parliament, the most urgent advertisements were selected for insertion, as only the first page of *The Times* could be calculated upon for the use of advertisers. At six o'clock the "forms" were "imposed" and sent to press. The supplement is printed on the old, or horizontal machines—each of which is, to use the words of Mr. Savage, in his "Dictionary," "the mechanism of four single machines combined in one frame, all being worked simultaneously; thus, there are four places at which to feed it with paper, four printing cylinders, and four places at which the sheets are delivered when printed." This skillful combination of machinery, which is the production of Mr. Applegath, the patentee of the vertical machine, produces about five thousand copies an hour.

It may be worthy of remark (and we give this statement, as well as all that relates to the circulation of the paper, and the sums paid to Government, from the evidence of the manager of *The Times* already alluded to) that at this season of the year as many as from twenty to thirty columns of advertisements are daily kept out for want of room.

The news compositors, numbering upward of sixty, "take copy"—one class at six, another at seven, and the third at eight o'clock—and go on, without interruption, until the parliamentary and other intelligence is composed. By the systematic division of labor, both in the literary and mechanical arrangements of this establishment, a parliamentary report, in the very perfection of typography, and extending to twenty-three or twenty-four columns, is ready for publication within a few minutes after the last reporter leaves the gallery of the House.

In the writer's estimation—and in this we believe all shades of politicians are agreed—one of the most interesting features connected with the literary department of *The Times* is the genius displayed in the leading articles commenting upon, and which appear simultaneously with, the debate. These articles, although necessarily written in a very short space of time, invariably show marks of great re-

search and extensive acquaintance with men and manners, and not unfrequently symptoms of the fire, force, and sarcasm of a "Junius."

There is a scramble at the publishing office of *The Times* between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, after the large dealers have been supplied. When the paper is late, or when any news of importance is expected, the scene is a truly exciting one; and it frequently happens that, even with the vertical machine throwing off ten thousand copies every hour, the demand cannot be supplied. Mr. W. H. Smith, the well-known news-agent, in his evidence before the Committee on Newspaper Stamps, stated that it was often the case that he could not get as many copies of *The Times* as the public would buy; and added (which we quote to illustrate the manner in which the publishing business is conducted)—"*The Times* will always supply the ordinary number as soon as they possibly can, for the subscribers; but any extra demand is placed behind other orders, and will, probably, only be supplied in the order in which the demand is created. Consequently, if the paper itself is late in going to press, the extra demand would not be supplied in time to render it of any service to you."

Having thus endeavored to give an idea of the intellectual and mechanical expedition attendant on the publication of this influential paper, we will briefly glance at the "social condition"—so to speak—of the workmen, in the hope that any employer who may find a leisure hour to peruse these pages, may be induced to imitate conduct which is as creditable to the proprietor of *The Times* as it is productive of happiness and substantial blessings to those in his service. Some years ago a Sick Fund was instituted, which has been the means of effecting much good. A quotation from the introduction to the rules, with a copy of which we were favored, will show the benevolent objects it has in view and the safe foundation upon which it rests:—"The administration of a provision for the future as well as for the present—for seasons of sickness and infirmity as well as of health—shall be considered henceforward a part of the business of the printing department of *The Times*." The institution provides, on the equitable principles of mutual insurance, a regular weekly allowance in

sickness, and a sum at death; and it is, we believe, ultimately intended, by the encouragement of a modified system of insurance, to provide small annuities for widows and fatherless children. Although it is self-supporting, the fund receives donations from the principal managers; and the proprietor, in addition to being an annual subscriber of a considerable sum, has, on more than one occasion, contributed as much as £100 at once. The regulations for deposits in the Savings Bank also display wisdom, and an interest in the real welfare of the employed. Every compositor whose earnings exceed 40s., 50s., and 60s. a week, pays 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s., respectively, to the Savings Bank account; and, when the savings amount to £100, or before, at the option of the contributors, it is expected that subscribers will effect an insurance on their lives for a sum of at least £200. It ought also to be stated that the proprietor pays out of his own pocket a handsome sum yearly to a gentleman for attending to the Sick Fund and Savings Bank accounts. When to this is added the fact that there is allowed, every year, to all persons in the operative department, a holiday of two weeks, with pay, it may justly be conceived that, whatever may be thought of the political opinions of this eminent journal—a subject on which the writer desires to observe the strictest neutrality—this country can scarcely boast of a more intelligent, contented, and happy body of workpeople than that which it was our privilege to observe during our visit to *The Times* office.

PHOTOGRAPHY—ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE.

[Concluded from the November Number.]

THE production of positive pictures by the first operation in the camera, was the next subject which claimed attention. A darkened photographic paper was washed with a hydriodic salt, and placed in the camera; here it was bleached by the solar radiations, and the image produced had the lights and shadows correct as in nature. Dr. Fyfe and Mr. Robert Hunt were the most successful operators. The latter gentleman published some papers in the "*Philosophical Magazine*," in September and October, 1810, on "the use of the Hydriodic salts as photographic agents." This

variety of picture, and papers prepared for obtaining them, were sold by Messrs. Ackermann and Co.; and Sir John Herschel says, in the memoir already quoted, "a positive paper of this nature is actually prepared for sale by Mr. Robert Hunt, of Devonport." Such is the evidence which our researches enable us to give relative to the use of iodized paper, before the date of the Calotype patent under which the extensive privilege of employing "iodized paper" paper was claimed. This Calotype patent is dated 1841, and involves the use of *iodized paper*, of gallic acid, acetic acid, and particularly *the development of a dormant image*. That we are indebted to Mr. Fox Talbot for the Calotype no one will deny; and that gentleman has now given his process to his countrymen as a free gift, which will be received with all due honor. The discovery appears to have been one of those which the world are fond of classing, much too commonly, under the term of accidental discoveries. We are not ourselves believers in accidents in science, since the mind of the observer must be previously prepared to receive and improve the fact observed, and this necessarily removes it from the condition of accident.

Mr. Talbot was engaged in a series of experiments with various chemical compounds, his object being to increase the sensibility of his preparations, and among others gallic acid was employed. Some papers upon which no impression was visible were thrown aside, and on these there were afterward discovered well-defined images which had developed spontaneously in the dark. Investigation now established the important use of the gallic acid, and the manipulatory details of the Calotype process undoubtedly were the invention of Mr. Talbot. When the early examples of these pictures were circulated among the scientific men of this country and of the continent, they created no small sensation, although the pictures then produced were exceedingly inferior to those now obtained. Mr. Fox Talbot had an undoubted right to patent his invention, and appropriate to himself all the profits which might arise from any commercial transactions, either by himself or his licensees. The questionable character of this patent, as of the Daguerreotype patent, consisted, as it appears to us, mainly in its imperfect nature. Mr. Fox Talbot

still reserves his right, as far as taking portraits for sale is concerned; but this can affect the public little, as the Daguerreotype and Collodion portraits are far superior to those produced by the patent processes. As specified, it is not easy to use the Calotype for portraiture, or, indeed, for any purpose requiring much rapidity of action; and it was not until the process was fully developed by Mr. Cundell, in a paper published in the "Philosophical Magazine" for May, 1844, that much progress was made in this direction. In the same way, when Daguerre gave up his process to the French Government, it required a period of twenty minutes to produce a picture. In 1839, Mr. Towson published his views, and suggested the use of large lenses, and the adjustment required to bring the sensitive surface into the chemical, as distinguished from the luminous focus; and Dr. Draper, of New-York, in 1840, by adopting these suggestions, obtained the first Daguerreotype portrait. In this year a vastly increased sensitiveness was obtained on the Daguerreotype plate by the discovery of Mr. Goddard, and of M. Claudet, that the iodine vapor, combined with bromine or chlorine, offered a chemical surface of the most unstable character, which was consequently disturbed by the slightest influence of the sunbeam. Thus, in both instances, the processes remained unprofitable as they came from the inventors. Eventually, by the scientific investigation of others, they are improved. The utmost obstruction was given to the progress of the art by the patents, since few parties were disposed to waste time in investigations from which they could reap no advantages themselves, and from which the public would derive no benefit. In 1844, at the York meeting of the British Association, Mr. R. Hunt published the use of sulphate of iron as a developing agent—now so commonly employed—and Dr. Woods, of Parsonstown, communicated his process called the "Catalysotype," in which the iodid of iron is an active ingredient. At that meeting the merits of these processes were fully discussed, Mr. Talbot being present, and acknowledging their importance.

The next step in the way of improvement was the use of albumen upon glass plates. M. Niepce de Saint Victor published his mode of applying this organic body to glass, in the "Technologist," in

1848. The most successful operators with this material in this country are Messrs. Ross and Thompson, of Edinburgh, in whose views of that picturesque city we see realized the production of fine middle distances and those half-tones which it is so unusual to meet with in ordinary Photographs. An attempt was made to patent the use of glass in this country, but that was defeated by a well-devised application for a counter patent. Glass plates were first employed by Sir John Herschel, in 1840. He precipitated chlorid, iodid, and bromid of silver on the glass, and obtained very well-defined images, and he then described the conversion of *negative* into *positive* pictures, which has not long since become the subject of a patent. Sir John Herschel's words are: "Exposed in this state to the focus of a camera, with the glass toward the incident light, it became impressed with a remarkably well-defined negative picture, which was direct or reversed, according as looked at from the front or back. On pouring over this cautiously, by means of a pipette, a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda, the picture disappeared, but this was only while wet; for, on washing in pure water, and drying, it was restored, and assumed much the air of a Daguerreotype when laid on a black ground, and still more so when smoked at the back, the silvered portions reflecting most light, so that its character had, in fact, changed from negative to positive."

We need not detail the peculiarities of the more recent patents of Mr. Fox Talbot: porcelain plates form the subject of one of them, but these we believe have never been employed; and the difficulties of their manufacture are so great that there is little probability of their ever being useful to the photographer. In the last patent we have a combination of the sulphate of iron and iodid of iron, producing a very decidedly instantaneous action. In a letter from Mr. Fox Talbot, published in the *Athenaeum* of December 6th, 1851, we read:—"In the process which I have now described, I trust that I have effected a harmonious combination of several previously ascertained and valuable facts, especially of the photographic property of iodid of iron, which was discovered by Dr. Woods, of Parsonstown, in Ireland, and that of sulphate of iron, for which science is indebted to the researches of Mr. Rob-

ert Hunt. In the true adjustment of the proportions, and in the mode of operation, lies the difficulty of the investigations." Mr. Talbot concludes his communication:—"I venture to recommend it (this process) to the notice of your scientific readers." Here we have Mr. Fox Talbot's own acknowledgment that he is indebted to two experimentalists for his process; he admits that the only thing he has done is to adjust the proportions. In this way a most serious check has been given to investigations of the greatest value. Sir John Herschel stopped in the midst of a series of the most valuable researches on the chemistry of the sunbeam; and Dr. Woods abandoned his promising inquiry, after some angry letters between him and Mr. Talbot in one of the Irish scientific journals. We have now disposed of the processes which are in any way connected with the English patents, of which we hope to hear no more. Mr. Talbot has resigned the rights which the patent laws of this country allowed him to assume. Several of these patents would never have been granted had there been a scientific board to examine the merits of them, and test their originality. For a long time several gentlemen have been endeavoring to make terms with Mr. Talbot, and it is through their exertion that the patentee has been at length induced to make a reluctant surrender of his patents. They failed as a commercial speculation, as might have been expected they would do. Mr. Talbot made a great mistake; but now he has done his utmost to redeem that error by handing over to the public all his patents as a free gift. We hope the portraits will soon follow, and that the Talbotype, as the Calotype process should now be called, will, in its freedom, advance to its highest pitch of excellence in this country. The use of waxed paper by M. Le Gray, involved no new process, although we believe waxed paper may be used for several processes beside the Calotype. M. Le Gray has published a work on his modes of manipulation. M. Blanquart Everard has published several papers in which we have that perpetration of injustice which no feeling of nationality can justify. If the Frenchmen refer to the works of Mr. Robert Hunt or any of the smaller manuals which have been published in this country, they will find the utmost credit given to them for their

labors. We believe no modification which has been devised by the photographers of the Continent is mentioned without the name of the inventor or improver. Now M. Le Gray never mentions an English name in his books, and M. Blanquart Everard coolly appropriates Mr. Talbot's processes, and accepts the honors of the Academy as the reward for his audacity. We have no desire to return evil; we therefore acknowledge that, after Daguerre, Fizeau, Becquerel, Niepce de St. Victor, Le Gray, and Everard have been most successful investigators of Photographic phenomena. On the Continent, every improvement has its full value, is very readily appreciated, and it is soon in the hands of the most skillful manipulators. The consequence is that Photography puts on an entirely different feature in Paris from what it does in London. In London, the trade being centered, up to this time, in the hands of three licensees, who are under obligations of the most stringent kind, we are required to pay as many pounds for a picture as it costs shillings on the Continent. Wedgwood was the undoubted originator of Photography; and in this country, next in time, and the first in merit, as the originator of a most highly beautiful process, is Mr. Henry Fox Talbot.

The art of Photography has not, however, yet attained that point of excellence to which it must soon arrive.

With the advantages of the stereoscope, what may we not expect to see realized? Every scene hallowed to our memories by its associations with human progress, in all its varied phases, may be revived before our eyes in all the truthfulness of nature. From the East we may copy the temples and the tombs which tell the story of a strange but poetic creed. Assyria and Egypt may disclose their treasures to those who cannot travel to survey them, in such a form that all doubt of authenticity must vanish. The harmonious elegance of the remains of Greece, and examples of Roman art, may thus be easily collected and preserved; and every time-honored fane of Europe may be brought home and made to minister to our pleasures—instructing and refining our tastes, and teaching all the mysteries of the beautiful, behind which, as under the shelter of a zephyr-woven veil, we may survey all that is good, and gaze upon the outshadowing of the Divine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE poetry of Southey has many admirers. Few delight in it, and none, we think, make it a study. His versification is generally faultless. He was master of rhythmical cadences, and well understood the niceties—the beauty and the harmony—of numbers. Occasionally there flash from his pages scintillations of the true poetic spirit; but for the most part the labor of the verse-maker is unpleasantly apparent, and his elaborate productions resemble specimens of mosaic, curiously inlaid and gorgeous. They excite emotions of wonder at the ingenuity of the artist, but lack the ethereal spontaneity which chains the imagination to the pages of Scott, and are utterly void of the philosophic naturalness, which, in the poetry of Wordsworth, requires from the reader concentrated thought, and renders every reperusal a fresh delight. *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *The Tale of Paraguay*, are things to be wondered at. They make, however, but a faint impression upon the heart, and are not embalmed in the memory of the reader.

His prose, on the other hand, is delightful. It is clear as crystal; conveying always the writer's thought, the whole of it, and nothing else. *Transparent* is the one word by which it is most fittingly described. It places the least conceivable obstruction between the writer's sentiment and the mental vision of the reader, and it is only by an effort that we notice its singular destitution of any peculiarity or mannerism. He has something to say, and he says it. That seems to be the whole secret. "People talk," said he, "of my style! I have only endeavored to write plain English, and to put my thoughts into language which every one can understand. Inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins; Sir T. Browne, Gibbon and Johnson, among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice," he continues, "to a young writer, is that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious concerning *how* he says it; that his first object should

be to express his meaning as perspicuously, his second as briefly as he can, and in this everything is included."

The public rightly appreciated his prose; so they did his poetry, although they rated it vastly lower than he did. His most elaborate poems, upon which he spent his strength in revising and publishing, yielded a very meager pecuniary remuneration; while, for a single prose article of some twenty or thirty pages, dashed off without revision, and in the intervals snatched from the labor of verse-making, he was paid a hundred pounds sterling. He lived, indeed, and supported his family by his contributions to the periodical literature of the day. In each number of the *Quarterly Review* he generally had one, and sometimes two articles. They extend over a period of thirty years, and are upon almost every conceivable subject:—religious and secular; biographical, ethical, historical, and poetical; military and naval; on Protestantism and Romanism; Methodism and Calvinism; in short, on whatever theme the editor wanted an article Southey was ready. Ready too was the article, always at the time appointed, conveying generally more information, in a pleasing style, than the volume professedly reviewed, of which he gave the essence, and then condensed into pure pulp the fruits of his own well-stored researches upon the subject.

His *Life of Nelson*, originally written for, and published in the *Quarterly Review*, is allowed to be one of the best specimens of biography in the language. So far as the style is concerned, we think it inferior to his *Life of Wesley*, which, considered from the stand-point Southey occupied, is as candid, and perhaps as honest, as could have been expected. At the time he wrote it he was a pensioner and a bigoted Churchman, and it is gratifying that so well-paid a champion of "the Establishment," and so keen-scented a flaw-hunter, could rake up so little with which to bespatter the name and the memory of that apostolic minister.

But Southey was dissatisfied with the world's estimate of his literary efforts. He rated his poetry far above his prose. In fact all through life he quarreled with his labor and its emoluments. Review-writing he stigmatized as "the ungente craft;" he denounced it as positively

immoral, and beneath the dignity of an honest man. Again and again he resolved to abandon it. "It is," said he, "an irksome employment, and this year—he was then thirty-two—I take my leave of it forever. A good exercise," he adds, "it certainly is, and such I have found it; but it is to be hoped that the positive immorality of serving a literary apprenticeship in censuring the works of others will not be imputed wholly to me." In these reiterated resolutions he was doubtless sincere. He did intend to quit the irksome business, and to wash his hands of the immorality. And so he would, had he been able to induce the public to love and pay for his poetry; but they, being obstinate and self-opinionated, left him no alternative but review-writing or poverty; the latter, if not as immoral as the former, in Southey's judgment more dreadful. And so he wrote on, and continued to review and repent, to scold the public for their lack of discernment, and, as Byron has it, to butter his bread on both sides. Our purpose, however, is a sketch of his life, rather than criticism.

At the close of Southey's school-boy days, of which he gives a minute history in a series of letters simply and beautifully written, he applied for admission to Christ Church College at Oxford. The dean refused to receive him, because, forsooth, the boy had been engaged in the publication of a satirical paper at Westminster school. A very silly reason, which, it seems, did not affect the other magnates of the university, for he was admitted to Baliol College, where he commenced his residence in the nineteenth year of his age. At college he made little improvement; the only two things he learned being, according to his own account, to row and to swim. He began to rebel as soon as he was matriculated. The discipline and the etiquette were alike repugnant. It was the custom for all the members to have their hair regularly dressed and powdered, and a professional gentleman waited upon the young Freshman for the purpose of putting him through the operation. To the disuay of the *friseur*, and the astonishment of his associates, Southey refused to be thus disguised, and in spite of the entreaties of the official, and in defiance of the laws of fashion, he continued to refuse, and carried his head

in its natural state all through his career at college.

At the university he became acquainted with Coleridge, then an undergraduate at Cambridge. A friendship which lasted during life sprang up between them, and much of their time at college was spent in maturing a grand scheme of emigration to America, where they purposed to establish a community upon the most thoroughly republican and social basis. "We preach," says he, in a letter to his brother, "we preach Pantisocracy and Aspheteism everywhere. These, Tom," he continues, "are two new words,—the first signifying the equal government of all; and the other, the generalization of individual property." Some twenty of their personal friends were induced to unite with them in this magnificent scheme. All were to be happy, all were to labor a little, and all were to have a great deal of leisure. On a glorious farm, somewhere on the banks of the Susquehanna, because there they supposed they would be free from the fear of marauding and murderous Indians, they were to make one harmonious family, loving and being loved. Coleridge originated the scheme. Southey was its most enthusiastic advocate. It occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of every other subject. His mother deemed him mad. His aunt, upon whom he was dependent for his college expenses, was provoked, and so displeased that she withdrew her support, and not until he had alienated her affection beyond hope of recovery, and was necessarily obliged to abandon his collegiate studies, did he begin to perceive the gross absurdity of the dream he had been indulging. "My days," he says, "are disquieted, and the dreams of the night only retrace the past, to bewilder me in vague visions of the future."

Having left the university, the serious question now arose, How am I to obtain a livelihood? "I have not," says he, "the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must, perforce, enter the muster-roll of authors." To work accordingly he went, and fortunately found a bookseller, inexperienced like himself, who agreed to print his verses, and to give him fifty guineas for the copyright of his *Joan of Arc*. This was a bright spot, an oasis in the desert of his perplexities.

It proved to be the foundation of his literary fame. While this poem was in the press, he had many causes for legitimate unhappiness—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want in the literal and plain meaning of the word. He often walked the streets at dinner time, for lack of a dinner, when, as he says, he had not eightpence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at his lodgings. But he was not unhappy. His spirits were buoyant and elastic. Indeed, all through life he was most cheerful when most busily engaged, and a more resolutely industrious man never lived. "It is the pleasure of pursuit," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that makes man happy,—whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector; the *philobibler*, or the *reader-o-bibler* and *maker-o-bibler*, like me: pursuit at once supplies employment and hope."

With the prospect of the promised fifty guineas, and while his poem was passing through the press, he was married to a young lady, poor like himself in this world's gear, but rich in every virtue, and hopeful. He had previously inoculated her with Pantisocracy, and she was to have been his companion in his Utopian elysium on the banks of the Susquehanna. There is no telling what she might have been, had the mad scheme been carried into execution. As it was, she proved herself, in their quiet home at Keswick, the most devoted of wives, and a most affectionate mother to his children.

At the instance of his uncle, Southey now began to study law, devoting the daylight to Blackstone, and the night to the muses; but he seems to have measured his time by the number of verses he manufactured, rather than by the amount of legal knowledge he obtained. "Robert Southey, and law, and poetry, make up," says he, "an odd kind of triunion, but we jog on easily together, and I advance with sufficient rapidity in *Blackstone* and *Madoc*. I hope to finish my poem and to begin my practice in about two years." The hope was realized so far as the poem was concerned, but law became more and more irksome, and its study was soon abandoned. "I commit," he remarks in a letter to Coleridge,—*"I commit willful murder on my own intellect by drudging at law, but trust the guilt is partly expiated by the candle-light hours allotted to*

Madoc." And again, soon after, he thus writes to his friend Bedford:—

"In my present state, to attempt to undergo the confinement of legal application were actual suicide. I am anxious to be well, and to attempt the profession; *much* in it I shall never do. Sometimes my principles stand in my way, sometimes the want of readiness which I felt from the first—a want which I always know in company, and never in solitude and silence. Albeit I will make the attempt; but, mark you, if by stage-writing, or any other writing, I can acquire independence, I will not make the sacrifice of happiness it will inevitably cost me. I love the country, I love study—devotedly I love it; but in legal studies it is only the subtilty of the mind that is exercised. Howbeit I need not philippicize, and it is too late to veer about. In '96 I might have chosen physic, and succeeded in it. I caught at the first plank, and missed the great mast in my reach; perhaps I may enable myself to swim by-and-by. I never thought it possible that I should be a great lawyer; I should as soon expect to be the man in the moon. My views were bounded—my hopes to an income of £500 a year, of which I could lay by half to effect my escape with. I am not indolent; I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read, and read, and read, but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention and have attempted to command volition. No! The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood, and reread it; it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence; but closed the book, and all was gone!"

Next to his legal studies, Southey seems to have disliked living in the great city of London. He had "an unspeakable loathing for that city." Thus he writes, poetically, to Edith, his beloved wife, in stanzas that we believe have not found their way into any collection of his poems:—

"To dwell in this foul city—to endure
The common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse
Of life; to walk abroad and never see
Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!
Will it not wither up my faculties,
Like some poor myrtle that in the town air
Pines on the parlor windows?"

The study of law being now abandoned, he made a voyage to Portugal, in company

with his uncle, by whom the expenses were defrayed. While there his time was occupied with poetry. *Thalaba* and *Madoc* were both on the anvil at the same time, and on his return he published a delightful volume, entitled "Letters from Spain and Portugal." As usual, his prose paid far better than his poetry, and in his correspondence he frequently gives utterance to his disappointments and regrets at the slow sale of "*Thalaba*," which was published in the year 1801. "It will bring me," he says, "but little solid pudding."

Through the influence of friends Southey now received the appointment of private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, with a salary of £400 per annum. The duties of this office were very slight, and the Chancellor, having really nothing for his scribe to do, suggested the propriety of his undertaking the education of one of his sons,—an ingenious scheme, whereby the secretary would have employment for the time which hung heavily upon his hands, and his honor would save the expense of hiring a tutor for his boy. In a fit of indignation, Southey at once resigned his office,—a situation which was "all pay and no work," and by no means suited either to his taste or his conscience.

Soon after he took up his abode at Keswick, among the hills of Cumberland, where he spent the remainder of his life, reviewing, translating, editing, and versifying,—drudge, drudge, drudge, as himself expressed it; and yet, in the bosom of his family, with an income sufficient to meet all his wants, there was not a happier man in England. "Labor," said he, "is my amusement, and nothing makes me growl but that the kind of labor cannot be wholly my own choice,—that I must lay aside old chronicles and review modern poems; instead of composing from a full head, that I must write like a school-boy upon some idle theme on which nothing can be said or ought to be said."

About this time Southey's social, political, and religious opinions underwent an entire revolution. His republicanism vanished away; and from being a radical of the most ultra stamp, he became a bigoted Tory, the most zealous defender of Church and State, and, in the opinion of his former associates, little better than a toad-eater to the aristocracy. In common

with others who have passed through a similar transformation, Southey professed to believe himself perfectly honest, and labored in many a well-turned paragraph to prove that his total change of sentiment was the result of increasing wisdom. However this may have been, it resulted greatly to his pecuniary advantage, and the Tories being in power, Southey, in his thirty-third year, was placed on the Pension List, and received from the government an annual stipend of two hundred pounds. "And so," he says, in a letter to his friend Wynn, "I am a court pensioner! It is well that I have not to kiss hands upon the occasion, or, upon my soul, I do not think I could help laughing at the changes and chances of this world." Doubtless he did laugh in his sleeve at his own strange metempsychosis, and the jingling of the first quarter's bag of unearned guineas must have had a funny sound in the ears of the cidevant Pantisocrat. In the same letter he deems it necessary to account for his present position, and he does it metaphorically, on this wise:—"Mine has been a straight-forward path! Nothing more has taken place in me than the ordinary process of beer or wine—of fermenting, and settling, and ripening."

Being now, in his own judgment, "ripe," he begins, in a little while, to quarrel with the smallness of his pension, and is especially vexed that a tax is levied on the two hundred pounds. There was a time when that sum would have seemed very large; but having fingered it for a few years, it seems to dwindle, in his imagination, to a very paltry remuneration for having passed so successfully through the "fermenting" process. He calls it "my poor mutilated pension," and says, "it makes me disposed to swear every time it comes." He is now perfectly satisfied that he deserves something more from the powers that be, and his letters to his friends are filled with applications to procure it for him. It matters not how—by doubling his pension, by bestowing upon him any office with a good salary and little to do, or by creating a new office expressly for his accommodation. He would be Consul, or Secretary of Legation to Portugal, or steward of some large estate in his own country; or, in his own words, "royal historiographer for England, with a salary of £400."

This last office, it seems, he was not aware was already created and filled, but was merely honorary, without emolument. Of course he did not want it on such terms, and the Portuguese mission being otherwise provided for, he stoops to request the interest of Sir Walter Scott in obtaining for him the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates—an office not then vacant, but expected to be soon. He knows not, he tells another friend whose interest he also invokes, what the precise salary may be—six or eight hundred pounds he thinks—nor of course how long the present occupant might have to live, but is satisfied that it will make *him* “comfortable,” and be but a small tax upon his time.

Disappointed in all these applications, he appears to have allowed his temper to be a little soured, for he really thought he had not been well used, seeing how zealous he had been in the service of the dignitaries of Church and State—how he had slashed “Methodism” and “dissent,” and poured vials of wrath and ridicule on “the Reformers.” Luckily for him, about this time the office of Poet Laureate became vacant by the death of the venerable Henry James Pye, who had held it for many years. It was at first offered to Scott, who declined it on the plea of being “incompetent to the task of annual commemoration,” declaring its duties inconvenient, and liable to ridicule. Southey’s friends urged his claims, and he obtained it, announcing his good luck to his wife in the following doggerel, written, apparently, for the purpose of seeing how wretchedly he could write:—

“I have something to tell you, which you will
not be sorry at—
’Tis that I am sworn in to the office of laureate.
The oath that I took, there could be nothing
wrong in—
’Twas to do all the duties to the dignity be-
longing.
Keep this I pray you as a precious gem;
For this is the laureate’s first poem.”

The office was far from meeting his expectations. The salary was but about £90 a year, and he was required to write poetry on demand, to commemorate births, marriages, and deaths in the Royal family; to glorify, in verse, all important public events; and “to obey the Lord Chamberlain in all matters of the King’s service.” He readily took the oath to do all this;

but made an unsuccessful effort to alter the tenure by which he was to wear the laurel—to render the yoke easier, and to make the office a little less like that of a lackey in livery. His masters, however, would not consent to this, and accordingly the new laureate was obliged to tread in the steps of his predecessors, “bound,” says his son, “by the same rules and etiquette.” His first effort in his new office was an ode entitled “*Carmen Triumphale*,” which he was obliged to curtail and alter at the dictate of the Chamberlain. O, with what bitterness of spirit did he run his pen through the obnoxious lines, and, in his own language, “spoil his poem by cutting out all that related to Bonaparte, and which gave strength, purport, and coherence to the whole.” The ninety pounds, multiplied by the number of years he held the ridiculous office, could scarcely compensate for his mortification. But Southey endured it, and grew fat. His tasks became less and less irksome, and he went on, year after year, prostituting his great powers in the fulsome adulation of royalty, until he reached a point beyond which there was no lower deep. His “*Carmina Aulica*,” as he was pleased, fantastically, to style his courtly odes, and his “*Lay of the Laureate*,” with other similar pieces, are, indeed, of a little higher order of poetic merit than those of his predecessor, Pye; but that is not saying much. They add nothing to Southey’s reputation, while his “*Vision of Judgment*,” which none but a master could have written, is, without exception, the most damnable—we use the word thoughtfully—the most damnable piece of poetry in the English language. Assuming the prerogatives of the Most High, the poet is not satisfied with glorifying, in the next world, that hoary lecher, George IV., but must needs doom to perdition, in carefully manufactured hexameters, those who died holding political opinions that he himself once gloried in. The thing well deserved the satiric lash so mercilessly laid on by Byron; and Southey’s best friends lamented that he had written it. His son, to whom was committed the task of editing his correspondence, “thinks it right to express his own regret that such a subject should have been chosen, as, however solemnly treated, it can hardly be said to be clear from the charge of being an injudicious attempt to fathom mysteries too

deep for human comprehension; and it must be allowed, that to speculate upon the condition of the departed, especially under the influence of strong political feelings, is a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking."

Some time previous to the publication of his "Vision of Judgment," the laureate, in his peaceful home at Keswick, reveling in the smiles of the great, was startled by an advertisement in the London papers. It fell upon him like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. It announced as "Just published—*Wat Tyler*, a poem by Robert Southey, Poet Laureate." Letter after letter was sent to him by his friends at court, urging him to come out and deny the authorship of so scandalous a production—a production full of the most fiery democracy, and advocating, by its *dramatis personæ*, the most agrarian and leveling sentiments. Of course his friends were well satisfied that the poem must be a forgery, and that it could not have emanated from the author of the "*Carmina Aulica*." But alas for the laurel-crowned poet. It was really his own production, written in his twenty-first year, and now, having fallen into the hands of a knavish bookseller, sent forth to the world at precisely the time when the sentiments of the laureate could be most strikingly contrasted with those he then held, and when the popular feeling was excited to the very verge of rebellion, or, as Southey's biographer expressed it, was "in that state in which such opinions as those put forth in the poem were likely to be productive of the greatest mischief." The consternation of the pensioned laureate and his friends was truly ludicrous, and their efforts to put a stop to the circulation of the obnoxious poem utterly vain. An injunction against the bookseller was denied them, and the law of England was so construed by the Chancellor that the poet was not allowed to reclaim his own property. Sixty thousand copies were sold in a short time, and beyond question "*Wat Tyler*" was the most popular, and, to the bookseller, the most profitable of his poems. In a letter explaining the manner in which the manuscript fell into the hands of the knave by whom it was published, Southey thus justifies the change in his political sentiments:—"In those times, and at that age, and in the circumstances wherein I was placed, it was just

as natural that I should be a republican, and as proper, as that now, with the same feelings, the same principles, and the same integrity, when three-and-twenty years have added so much to the experience of mankind, as well as matured my own individual intellect, I should think revolution the greatest of all calamities, and believe that the best way of ameliorating the condition of the people is through the established institutions of the country." Plausible as this appears, it did not exactly satisfy himself, and some time after, he writes to an intimate friend:—"I was more vexed than I ought to have been about this publication of '*Wat Tyler*;' for though I shook off the first thoughts, or, rather, immediately began to consider it in the right point of view as a thing utterly unimportant, still there was an *uneasiness working like yeast in my abdomen*, and my sleep was disturbed by it."

In 1821, he published, as already intimated, his "*Vision of Judgment*," which was followed by the "*Book of the Church*," an ecclesiastico-historical work in two volumes. The poem and the history were alike admirably calculated to do away with any suspicion relative to his subserviency and his orthodoxy. Neither of these works, so far as we know, caused him any uneasiness in his abdomen; and the latter, which is an elaborate attempt to prove "the Establishment" a constituent and necessary part of the *British Constitution*, was the means of his being elected to Parliament—a member of the House of Commons for the borough of Downton. Information of the honor thus put upon him was conveyed in the following anonymous note, which shows the ground upon which it was conferred, and is a curious illustration of that kind of individual management by which seats are obtained in what is farcically styled the *popular* branch of the British government. The note, though without signature, was ascertained to be from Lord Radnor, a Tory peer of great wealth and greater bigotry. It was as follows:—"A zealous admirer of the British Constitution in Church and State, being generally pleased with Mr. Southey's '*Book of the Church*,' and professing himself quite delighted with the summary on the last page of that work, and entertaining no doubt that *the writer of that page really felt what he wrote*, and consequently would be

ready, if he had opportunity, to support the sentiments there set forth, has therefore been anxious that Mr. Southey should have a seat in the ensuing Parliament; *and having a little interest, has so managed* that he (Southey) is at this moment in possession of that seat under this single injunction: *Ut sustineat firmiter, strenue et continuo, quæ ipse bene docuit esse sustinenda.*"

Highly gratified as he was with the honor, for prudential reasons he declined it. It would have broken up his domestic quiet; and he feared would prove injurious to his health. Besides, he was conscious of an utter inability to "speechify;" and although a seat in the House would have thrown him in the way of preferment, there was unavoidable expense attending it, and no immediate pecuniary recompense. For much the same reasons—chiefly, indeed, the *res angusta domi*—he afterward refused a *baronetcy*, tendered to him by Sir Robert Peel. In his letter to that nobleman, declining the proffered honor, he enters into a somewhat minute statement of his pecuniary circumstances,—his baffled hopes, the small returns for his literary labors, and the prospect of leaving his family unprovided for at his death. He concludes his letter with an ingenious hint to Sir Robert, in the words following: "Under these circumstances, your letter would in other times have induced me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, *unless it were practicable as a part of the plan for the encouragement of literature; to such a plan, perhaps, these times might not be unfavorable.*"

Sir Robert took the hint, and granted him an additional £300 per annum, which, added to his former pension, and the salary attached to the laureateship, made up a very handsome income. True, the whole of it was wrung, by taxation, from the people of Great Britain; but the Premier received credit for his generous appreciation of literary merit, and Southey

was full of gratitude to His Majesty and his ministers. Thus, then, in his sixty-first year, he reached the goal for which he had been so long striving. He had a competency; and was no longer under the necessity of toiling at task-work for the booksellers. "So far," says he, "as relates to the means of subsistence, I am at ease for the remainder of my days." But he was not more happy. On the contrary, he found by experience the truth of what he had previously taught theoretically, namely, that happiness is found in the pursuit rather than the possession; and that a man "at ease as to the means of subsistence," may, nevertheless, be called to drink of a cup far more bitter than was ever pressed to the lips by honest poverty.

A few words now relative to Southey's private character and domestic life. In the social, and especially in the family circle—as a friend, a father, and a husband—he was truly amiable. Frank, generous, and hospitable, he was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and, to the extent of his means, to succor the distressed. He found his chief gratifications by his own fireside; and his greatest delight was in directing the studies and sharing the amusements of his children. He was their play-fellow as well as their instructor. He romped with them when at home, and when absent wrote them letters; and such letters no other children were ever blessed with,—humorous and comical, entertaining and instructive. How full of all these qualities is his epistle to his precious trio of girls—Bertha, Kate, and Isabel—giving them an account of his being made Doctor of Laws, or, as he phrases it, *ell-ell-deed*. "It might be proper," he tells them, after dwelling upon all the minutiae of the ceremony at Oxford—his scarlet robe and velvet cap, and the appearance of the other "issimis,"—it might be proper for me now to wear a large wig, and to be called Doctor Southey, and to become very severe, and leave off being a comical papa. And if you should find that *ell-ell-deeing* has made this difference in me, you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig, neither shall I wear my robes at home."

It has been remarked that poets are to some extent naturalists. Cowper's fondness for *hares* is well known. Gray, it

is said, delighted in *gold-fish*; and Sir Walter Scott loved *dogs* so well, that he doubted the truth of stories which attributed madness to his favorites. Southey's predilection was for *cats*. In a grave letter to a clergyman, he devotes a paragraph to the qualities of "a most worthy Tom Cat, a great favorite," to whom he gave the name, Rumpelstilzchen, and whose death, ten years afterward, he thus bewails, in an epistle to another friend: "Alas! this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. His full titles were, 'The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbun, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowhler, and Skraatch.' As we have no catacombs here, he is to be decently interred in the orchard, and cat-nut planted on his grave. I believe we are more sorry for his loss, or rather more affected by it, than any one of us would like to confess. I should not have written to you at present had it not been to notify this event." Rumpelstilzchen was succeeded by another feline favorite, upon whom he seems, in his sportive humor, to have conferred the title which he himself had declined. It was fitting that there should be one *baron* in the family. "Rejoice," he says, in a letter notifying his speedy return from a journey,—*"Rejoice, Baron Chinchilla, for I am coming again to ask of you whether you have everything that a cat's heart can desire."*

Happy indeed was that little circle of which Southey was the center; and all his own enjoyments were found in the bosom of his family, where, he was wont to say, happiness dwelt like a vestal watching the fire of the Penates. What a beautiful and vivid picture he gives in the following stanzas:—

"O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, They come,
they come!

And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!
Never had man whom Heaven would heap with
bliss

More glad return, more happy home than this.

"Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's
name,

Waving his hat around his happy head;

And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

"Here, silently, between her parents stood,
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she woo'd
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wish'd caress.

"The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel;
Long of our promised coming, day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when the long-promised hour was
come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them
dumb."

He loved his children—his boy, his dark-eyed Bertha, his gentle Kate, and his sweet Isabel—with an intensity that produced a terrible re-action when death entered the little circle, and one after another was taken from him. The loss of his first-born, a daughter of uncommon promise and loveliness, who nestled but a twelvemonth in his bosom, affected him deeply; but when his son died—he who "waved his hat around his happy head," his Herbert, who had been for ten years his companion and play-fellow—his heart seemed crushed within him, or buried in the coffin with the dead child. There is nothing more touchingly affecting than the tender pathos with which, in numerous letters, he dwells upon the little incidents in the short life of his boy,—his studies and pastimes, his sufferings, his gentleness and patience. And when Isabel died,—*"my sweet Isabel,"* as he always called her,—the fond father, after the first burst of uncontrollable anguish, sat down and wrote—by the side of the dead body—a long letter, of which he made three copies,—one for each of his remaining daughters. It is a letter full of the yearning tenderness of his heart; and, in composing and copying it, he found some of that consolation which he endeavored to impart to them. "I copy," he says, "this letter for each of you, with my own hand. It will be read with grief now; but there may come a time when you may think of it with a solemn rather than a melancholy pleasure, and feel grateful for this proof of love. Take it, then, with the blessing of your afflicted but affectionate father."

A heavier sorrow than death itself broke upon the remaining members of the little circle at Keswick. She who had been "the life of his life" for forty years, was borne away—not to the grave, but to a lunatic asylum; and Southey's hearth was indeed desolate. About a year his

"beloved Edith" continued in this pitiable state of existence; and on the 16th of November, 1837, he chronicles her death as "a blessed deliverance." Less than six years afterward, namely, on the 26th of March, 1843, the same language—"a blessed deliverance"—was the spontaneous utterance of those who stood by the bedside of a beloved father, whose spirit then passed peacefully away. He appears never to have recovered fully from the shock of the repeated afflictions that had befallen him in his latter days. Though for a while he rallied a little, made several journeys, married a second wife—Miss Bowles, the poetess—it was evident that he was sinking into a state of mental imbecility. Memory gradually failed him; and for a year preceding his death his days passed in a state of dreamy unconsciousness—a melancholy spectacle, a powerful intellect eclipsed; humanity existing, but in ruins!

LITTLE LELIA.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

LITTLE LELIA!—how like a young angelic apparition—arrayed in beauty, and yet wearing a mysterious but saintly aspect of sorrow—her image rises before us as we write her name. Her figure was exquisitely molded; her little face—that dear face!—wore a delicate beauty, derived from her mother, but enhanced by a native and indefinable expression of grace and tenderness, while her brow possessed the nobleness of her father's intellectual head. There are some faces which fascinate us with an almost painful interest—an interest which is never satisfied, but is always, yet in vain, demanding an explanation of their mystical magic; such was little Lelia's. Early but guiltless sorrows had given a precocious development to her faculties, and still more to her sensibilities; and the soul that looked out from those wondrous features seemed such as might belong to a young angel, who—conscious of innocence, and yet shrouded in darkness—was anxious to learn the reason of its fate, and yet tremblingly afraid that its anxiety might be wrong and fatal. Precocity in childhood is usually repulsive, because it is unnatural, but in little Lelia it was otherwise, as it seemed rather a precocity of virtue than of faculty, with a sufficient prematurity of the latter to

sustain the overgrowth of the former. Sometimes, while gazing on her unperceived, the tears which her history awakened, have been suddenly repressed by an unconquerable feeling of awe, produced by the strange mystery of beauty and character which clothed her. We have felt fascinated to kiss the angel child, and yet restrained by the consciousness that she was not of our poor race, and was too sacred for the caresses of our human affections.

We have referred to her parents; they are essential characters in her history. Let us therefore speak more fully of them.

Her father was one of "nature's noblemen;" in person, athletic and dignified, with features expressive of generosity and capacity, and a strongly characterized head. Mackintosh ascribes the power of Bacon's intellect to the peculiar "fusion of reason and imagination" which distinguished him. There may be few minds equal to Bacon's, but there are nobler ones—minds which show the fusion of reason, imagination, and *sensibility*. Such was the early character of this promising man, and such the character inherited by his child. He began his public life in the legal profession, with the best promises; the career of success was daily widening and extending before him, and his friends (numerous and ardent as they always are with such men) were preparing to exalt him to distinguished positions.

He married early, and from *first love*,—a matter much more equivocal, usually, in actual life than in fiction. A mind like his—a heart like his, warm as it was, could not have blundered in so important an affair as the affections, and the sacred and permanent relations which grow out of them, at a later period in life. A beautiful image suddenly dashed across his path. "Accomplishments" (so called) were not lacking to enhance her charms. The more solid and practical qualifications of the sex, those which befit the household rather than the ball-room, were not staple virtues in the community where he then resided, and his course of life, in the academic edifice or the professional office, had not rendered him skillful in judging of them.

Goethe believed that noble minds are beset with the interference of the demons, good and bad—that even their penmanship

shows the varying preternatural influence, much more the great events of life upon which their destinies pivot. The grand soul of this man seemed ever to exemplify the thought, and never more than now when all its superb faculties were dazzled and deluded by the illusion of superficial beauty. The evil demon prevailed. He married, and his life was a failure.

We are attempting no biography, but a series of brief, hastily touched biographic pictures. Let us transport ourselves then over about twelve years, and to a new scene. We enter a house, abounding with the evidences of former elegance, and even prodigality, but negligence and decay mark everything about it. A noble figure walks the floor—noble still in its manly outlines, though bending under the weight of insupportable sorrow and of a mighty vice; the fine character of the face is blurred, and bloated, and branded with the impress of conscious degradation. The strong man armed has been despoiled of his strength and dignity. Desperate words, which belie the whole natural character of the man, are addressed to a figure meretriciously dressed, and reclining with a manifest air of nonchalance in an armed chair. At a distance, retiring with fear, and yet gazing with a yearning and tearful intensity on the scene, is a beautiful child, eleven years old, and looking as if she were a young cherub which had accidentally and perilously alighted in this home-hell.—It is little Lelia. It is a contrast for a painter. The fallen father, walking with tottering steps and clenched hand, utters a fearful imprecation, but, as he turns, beholds his child; he hastens toward her, and, bending over her, drops burning tears and a kiss upon her brow. He turns away abruptly, and hurries out of the house. Did he see on her pale and trembling face that mysterious look—the very distillation of human sorrow and angel purity?

Plato erred when he said that beauty always indicates excellence. Often does it, God be thanked, but not always. Characteristic beauty—the subtil, enchanting, indescribable beauty which is an effluence of the soul, an efflorescence of the character, and which often coexists with quite imperfect features—that is the

true beauty,—true alike to the highest standard of nature, and true to its own moral indications. O woman! the highest beauty is practicable to thee, whatever distortion pain or disease or sorrow may have given thy features or form—the beauty of a pure soul, the beauty that seraphs see on each other's dazzling brows, and bless with unutterable love.

The delicate physical charm which insured this ruined man, was but a physical accident—mere outline and color, as on a canvas. He found the painted image fit only to be an ornament in his drawing-room. What kind of companion was this to share the sentiments, the aims, and the successes of a high-minded man, before whose dominant talents no achievement of manly ambition seemed too hard. Disappointment, chagrin, soon superseded the first and foolish passion. But this was not all: the tinselled beauty was not only incapable of sympathy with his higher nature; she was incapable of the commonest household duties, and her extravagant expenditures were ruinous. Mortified at this great mistake of his life, her husband endeavored to disguise it; he redoubled his exertions to provide for her extravagance, that it might not overwhelm him with visible ruin. He foresaw that poverty, with her incapacity, must be fatal to his family. His exertions, however, could not keep pace with her expenses, though he had sacrificed the higher promotions of his position, that he might confine himself to its merest money-making drudgery. During a few years he struggled like a giant, only to postpone what he saw looming up before him—inevitable bankruptcy—bankruptcy, too, which he knew must involve other, and endeared families, with his own. Among these were the fatherless children of the benefactor of his youth, who, proud of his young promise, had aided him through his education, and introduced him into public life. This was the bitterest drop in his cup of anguish. He could have perished with his own, if it were even in pauperism—his great soul had been subdued by its long sorrow to that deep and sad submission—but whatever of manhood remained within him, revolted with agony from the thought of the sufferings of the helpless children of his departed friend.

Great natures have usually some great weakness. The father of Lelia could have baffled any trial while hope remained; but ambition feeds on hope, and when despair alone confronts it in the strife, it sinks nerveless. He became despondent; the bottle offered a temporary, though deceitful relief, and the mighty man was wrecked—wrecked in property, in morals, and in health. His ruin had become public on the day when the scene we have described occurred in his parlor.

Crushed though he was, he did not fail, at times, to resume his former energy, and to struggle for self-recovery. Assisted by suitable sympathy on the part of his wife, the endeavor might have been successful; but failing of this, his heart failed within him, and he sunk at last into apparently irrecoverable intemperance. His home was broken up; his wife, deserting him, found shelter, with her child, in the family of her sister in a neighboring State. He himself, heart-broken, hopeless, self-abandoned, lingered about his old resorts a short time, and then, falling into the current which was bearing southwestward its waifs of good and evil, disappeared.

Three years pass. In front of a log cabin, far remote from the localities already alluded to, sits an emaciated invalid, sustained by pillows in an arm-chair. There are still traces of beauty amidst the decay of her features. There is an unwonted sadness there also. Solemn thoughts of the future cast back a reflected light upon the past, and frequently that aching brow shows the anguish of a broken and repentant heart. At her knees clings a young form which has clung to her through all her years of suffering. It is "little Lelia." That marvelous face looks up with undiminished beauty, tenderness, and sadness upon the dying countenance of her mother, and the sunken eyes of the invalid seem to read at last something of the mystery of its meaning. She talks to her child as to one of riper years, who can comprehend the evil of her lot, and instruct her in the extremity of her last hours. She weeps over the frivolity and heartlessness of her life; bitter words of sympathy for the lost husband and father, accompanied with bitter tears, fall from her, and humble ejaculations for

the mercy of that God who is her only remaining refuge.

Still later, another picture presents itself. The invalid is extended motionless on the bed of death, looking with fixed eyes upward, while tears lie upon her sunken cheeks. Over her bends the child, the inseparable child, reading with a sobbing accent from a book of religious consolation: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me;" "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" "Whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

Little Lelia, alone in the world, was timidly conscious of her new and helpless lot, and was penetrated with unutterable sadness, but not with despondence. Her severe discipline of trial had taught her to trust in God, even in extremity. During the last three years the family of her aunt, wherein she and her mother had found a home, had passed, by rapid transitions, to almost the frontier line of settlements on the Red River; but in these movements in the remote wilderness she had met with religious influence of a very humble, but important character, the history of which we cannot now detail. They had given new resources of strength and comfort to her young spirit, and prepared her to minister to her dying mother the consolations of religion.

Months passed, and as each steamer from New-Orleans stopped "to wood" at the village, the pallid, but still beautiful child, was seen making her timid way through the throng to inquire of the captain for any news of her lost father. Her frequent applications had made the officers of the boats on the route familiar with her story, and the pathos of her young voice had won their rough hearts; they spoke to her with the tenderness of woman. She had told them the name, and described to them the form of her parent, and several of these hardy, but generous men, touched by her beauty and her sorrows, had been at incredible pains to ascertain his fate—but in vain. They dreaded at last the

hour of landing at the village, and the rough hand was seen to wipe away the unwonted tear as they beheld the little sorrow-stricken form approaching through the tumultuous crowd of boatmen, negroes, and foreign immigrants. Her appealing look put the question. "No news of him, my dear," was the usual reply of the strong, but tremulous voice; and the dovelike child vanished with still another arrow in her breast.

More months pass, and she is still repeating the heart-breaking appeal. Clothed humbly, but neatly, her face wearing deeper traces of sadness, which, however, only enhance the peculiar, the mysterious character of her beauty, she is seen urging her way again to the captain, her eyes uttering more strongly than her lips the often repeated and almost hopeless question. She receives the usual answer, but uttered from those harsh lips with unusual tenderness. Tears start to her eyes, which look meekly, but O how sadly, to the ground; she clasps her hands and disappears like an apparition from amidst the crowd, but not unobserved. The rude hearts around instinctively sympathize with her manifest sorrow. "The Holy Virgin bless you; an' you be not long for this world!" exclaims the rough, but warm-hearted Irishwoman, as she passes from the wharf. The boat departs, but a group gathers around the officer inquiring about the message of the child. Among them stands a brawny German emigrant, down whose bronze cheek a tear is stealing, though he understands scarcely a word there spoken. The child's appearance had spoken in a more intelligible language. Had its strange, mystical expression entered his soul, or, perchance, he too had known sorrow, and may have recalled the image of a beloved child sleeping beneath the sod in the "fatherland." The language of sorrow is a common dialect in this poor world. Alas, how many instinctive affinities have the broken hearts of our race, whatever may be their clime or their rudeness! "What is the meaning of this scene?" inquired an intelligent gentleman in the group. The captain responded, giving the name of the lost man. It was an uncommon name. "I know it," replied the passenger; "but it belongs to a poor worthless fellow in Galveston, Texas." As the steamer passed on her way, the conversation proceeded; the identity of the

reported man and the father of the child appeared probable; the traveler was taken into the captain's office, and a record made of his statements; and that night the generous officer dreamed of joyous hopes for the child—her little image, glowing with gladness and beauty, hovered incessantly amidst his thoughts.

One scene more in this life-drama. In an upper chamber of one of those shanties, which then were about the only houses in the new city of Galveston, lies a gigantic figure, unconscious, and burning with fever. By his bedside sits a physician, looking alternately and anxiously at his watch and at the patient. The crisis of the disease is at hand. Life or death hangs upon the hour. The time passes, but how slowly! The patient sleeps, the perspiration drips from his brow. He awakes; a strange expression, as of one waking from the dead, comes over his features. He directs his languid looks around, and perceives at the foot of the bed something that startles him as with a mixture of terror and rapture. "What?" he exclaims with his trembling hand above his eyes; "Who? Who is it? Am I delirious?" "Be calm," replied the physician, "you have just escaped a terrible peril; a slight agitation may yet destroy you." "Lelia! my child! my child! is it you?" The next moment the face of the sobbing child was buried in the bosom of the father. His feeble arms clung to her as if he still feared it was a vision, which might vanish and leave him again and forever desolate.

Befriended, and conducted by generous strangers and unseen angels, she had pursued her way through hundreds of miles to rescue, if possible, her lost parent. More than a week had she waited at his sick bed without a look of recognition. But the ministry of the beautiful child was of God. It had succeeded—the lost man was not only found, but rescued.

The restored father now lives in the town of——. His health regained, and his professional pursuits resumed, life has again become real and hopeful to him; but its old ambition is gone. Yet its duties have now a more sacred import than mammon or fame can give. A calm, but not ungenial, melancholy impresses his soul and his features. At times an almost

annihilating consciousness of his past degradation comes over him, and then, next to his appeal to God, is his appeal to the image of his child. In those desolate hours, her miniature lies upon the table before him wet with his dropping tears.

Little Lelia still watches over him, but it is from the heaven to which she always belonged. The child sleeps in the sandy waste of the Galveston cemetery, but the angel is amidst the "excellent glory."

God be praised for little children! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How do their young ministries of gladness or affection bless our households, and bind about our hardened hearts the tendernesses of their better nature! How does the robust heart of the strong man melt under the touch of the tiny hand, and the loud-mouthed world, with its clamorous temptations, stand rebuked into silence when the sweet young voice recalls us to virtue and to home! God be praised then for little children! What would this desolate world be without their blessed presence? Press thine to thy heart, manly father; thou knowest not how much of the virtue and self-respect that remains with thee is owing to the spell of protection which God's mercy has permitted their tender ministry to weave about thee. Fear not to love them too much. They err who moralize against the excess of such an affection. It can know no excess. The more thou lovest them the more wilt thou be fitted to love the God who gave them to thee.

FEMALE COSTUME.

THE British female dress, first mentioned in history, is that of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. Dion Cassius gives us an account of her appearance, from which we learn that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colors, all in folds, and over it, fastened by a brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. Females in the lower walks of life were not so elegantly clad, but simply arrayed themselves in skins; holding with the poet—"when unadorned adorned the most." The dress was not very picturesque or graceful, but it had one advantage—it did not entail the necessity of wearing stays. Under the Anglo-Saxons, considerable improvements were adopted. The ladies threw aside

their bear-skins; but, not having the fear of Mrs. Bloomer before their eyes, we are compelled to state that they adopted that abominable skirt, which strong-minded females denounce as the badge of slavery, and as the result of the wickedness of that hard-hearted monster—man. Mr. Planche tells us: "The Anglo-Saxon females of all ranks wore long, loose garments, reaching to the ground, distinguished, in various documents, by the name of the tunic, the gunna or gown, the cyrtle or kirtle, and the mantle. The first and last articles describe themselves; but the terms gown and kirtle have caused much disputation, from the capricious application of them to different parts of dress. We must presume the gunna or gown, generally means the long, full robe, with loose sleeves, worn over the tunic,—and the kirtle an inner garment, at this period, as we find it mentioned in the will of Wynfloda, 'among other linen webbs,' and in one place described as white. The sleeves of the tunic, reaching in close rolls to the wrist, like those of the men, are generally confined there by a bracelet, or terminate with a rich border; and the mantle hangs down before and behind, covering the whole figure, except when looped up by the lifted arms, when it forms a point or festoon in front. The head-dress of all classes is a vail, or long piece of linen or silk, wrapped round the head and neck." Under the Danes, little alteration was made in the costume. The only alteration adopted by the Anglo-Norman ladies, was that of lacing the gown so as to make it sit close to the figure. In the reigns of Rufus and Henry I., the ladies sported outrageous skirts and sleeves. In King John's time, richly-furred pelisses were worn in winter, under the mantle. The wimple also then came into use; it was a handkerchief worn round the head and chin. Under Edward I., we find the satirists attacking the ladies' skirts. The authors of the "Roman de la Rose," advise the ladies, "if their feet be not small and delicate, to wear long robes, trailing on the pavement, to hide them; those, on the contrary, who have pretty feet, are counseled to elevate their robes, as if for convenience, that all who are passing by may see and admire them." Another poet, of the thirteenth century, compares the ladies of his day to peacocks and magpies: "For the pies," says he, "naturally wear feath-

ers of various colors; so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dust; so the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies." At the same time, the tight-lacing, to which we have already referred, continued. In a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launful," written about the year 1300, we have a description of two damsels the knight meets. He says,—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
Flaced small jolyf and well."

In the same romance the Lady Triamore is described as—

"Clad in purple pall
With gentyle body and middle small."

Female fashions progressed amazingly under Edward III. The gown was cut lower in the waist, and was worn so long, not only in the train, but in front, as to be necessarily held up in walking. Another fashion introduced at this time was the wearing of a spencer, or jacket, or waistcoat—for it resembled all three—faced or bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer; and some of the fast young ladies of this period are represented in a kind of coat, buttoned down like that of the men, with side pockets, pretty much the same as we have seen in our time. With the exception of stomachers and enormous head-dresses, like frightful towers, or steeples, in length about three-quarters of an ell, we find little novelty in female costume, till we come to the reign of Henry VI., when we meet with bishop-sleeves. The troubled reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, produced few novelties in dress: other things occupied the public mind. The country was passing through a transition state. Men were learning to appeal to the real word of God, instead of the counterfeit article that spoke from Rome; but the vain and imperious Queen Bess gave an impulse to the subject of dress, to the great scandal of the Puritan censors of the time. Our readers all know the dress of "glorious Queen Bess." We can easily call up the features of that royal lady, with her great ruff and jeweled stomacher, and pointed petticoats. Cynical old Stubbs, writing, says: "The women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on

the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this is a kind of attire proper only to men, yet they blush not to wear it." "About the middle of this reign," says Mr. Planché, "the great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The lady was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet which covered the neck to the chin was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous fardingale, the prototype of that modern antique, the hoop, which was banished the court by King George IV." The ruff was the consequence of the introduction of starch, which Stubbs gravely tells us was the invention of the devil. The ruff continued in fashion till Mrs. Turner, who had a principal hand in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was hung in one. Under Charles I. and the Commonwealth, female costume once more became elegant, and paved the way for the introduction of the loose and negligent dresses of the Restoration, which but too well corresponded to the character of the gay and graceless dames who wore them. With William and Mary came Dutch fashions—the stomacher was restored—the full sleeve was tightened. Under Anne, and the first Georges, fashions of a most extravagant character appeared—hoops and head-dress completely altered the appearance of the ladies. Addison, in the *Spectator*, speaking of one of the temporary variations of fashion, says: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, and at present want some inches of five." Gradually the more ridiculous features of dress were assuming a more rational form, till the French Revolution came and swept away altogether the old style of dress. Fashion ran into the other extreme. Hooped petticoats, high-peaked stays, figured satins, yard-long waists, were abandoned, and, instead, the lightest products of the loom clung round the form, girdled under the arm-pits—alto-

gether forming a dress as ungraceful and inappropriate as ever disguised female charms. At length the fashions of the day are graceful. Whether the ladies of our day will re-attempt Bloomerism, of course we cannot tell. The advantages are, that it makes the ladies look much younger, and that it does away with the necessity of wearing stays—a matter of importance, as it concerns that future which must be wrought out by healthy hearts beating in healthy frames.

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

A RICH charitable man, being desirous to make one of his slaves happy, bestowed upon him freedom, and also a ship freighted with all kinds of costly wares. "Go," said he, "and sail to a foreign country, where you can trade with these goods; and the profit shall be your own."

The slave set off on his voyage; but he had not been long upon the sea, when a violent storm arose, and his ship was cast against a rock and wrecked. His precious wares sank in the deep, and his companions were lost, and he alone escaped with great difficulty, and contrived to reach the shore of an island. Hungry, naked, and helpless, he wandered further inland, and was weeping over his misfortunes, when he observed in the distance a large town, whence a number of inhabitants came toward him, and with loud shouts of joy hailed him as their king. Then surrounding him with cries of welcome, they placed him in a splendid car, and led him to the town. Arrived at the royal palace, they clothed him in a purple mantle, bound a diadem on his brow, and mounted him upon a golden throne. The nobles approached, knelt before him, and swore allegiance in the name of the whole people. The new king, at first, believed all this splendor to be a wondrous dream; until the continuance of his good fortune no longer left any doubt, that these extraordinary occurrences were in truth realities. I cannot understand, said he to himself, what has bewitched the eyes of this people, and induced them to make a forlorn stranger their king. They know not who I am, they ask not whence I came, but place me at once on their throne. This must be a

strange country indeed, since such a custom prevails in it.

Thus he reflected, and became so curious to know the cause of his elevation, that he determined to ask one of the nobles of his court, who appeared a clever man, to solve the riddle for him. "Tell me, vizier," said he, "why you have made me your king. How could you know of my arrival on your island? and what will be the end of all this?"

"Sire," answered the vizier, "this island is called the Island of Probation, and is inhabited by beings of a peculiar order. In times gone by, they asked the Almighty to send them every year a son of Adam to reign over them. The Almighty has accepted their prayer; and every year, at the same time, he causes a man to land upon their island. The inhabitants hasten joyfully to meet him, as you have seen, and acknowledge him for their ruler, but his government lasts only one year. When that period has elapsed, and when the appointed day comes round, he is deprived of all his authority. His royal attire is taken from him, and he again puts on his mean clothing. His servants forcibly carry him to the shore and place him in a ship, built expressly for that purpose, which bears him on to another island. This island is a desert waste: he who was some days before a mighty king, arrives there ragged and alone, and finds neither subjects nor friends. There is no one to participate in his misfortune; and if he has not turned his year to the best account, he will have to pass a sorrowful and melancholy life in this desert land. After the banishment of the old king, the people go forth to meet the new one, whom the providence of the Almighty sends, in the usual manner, every year without exception, and they receive him with the same pleasure as the preceding ones. Such, sire, is the immutable law of this kingdom, which no sovereign can change during his reign."

"And were all my predecessors," pursued the king, "made acquainted with the short duration of their power?"

"To none of them," answered the vizier, "was this law of mutability unknown; but some allowed themselves to be dazzled by the brightness which surrounded their throne; they forgot their sorrowful future in the joyful present, and passed their year without acquiring wisdom. Others, intox-

icated by the sweetness of their fortune, did not dare to reflect upon the end of their reign, and the ensuing abode on the desert island, lest it should have embittered their present enjoyment; and thus they staggered, like drunkards, from one pleasure to another, until their allotted time was fled, and they were cast into the vessel. When that unhappy day arrived they all began to lament and bemoan their blindness; but it was too late; they were relentlessly given over to the misery which awaited them, and from which they had not taken thought to defend themselves."

This narrative of the vizier filled the king with alarm; he trembled at the fate of former monarchs, and earnestly wished to escape their fall. He saw with horror that some weeks of his short year were already gone, and that he must hasten to employ the remaining days better, and endeavor to atone for those already wasted. "Wise vizier," he replied, "you have discovered to me my future lot and the short duration of my royal state. Tell me also, I pray you, what I must do to escape the misery of my predecessors."

"Bear in mind, sire," answered the vizier, "that you came naked to this island; for thus you will depart from it, never more to return. There is, therefore, only one way of preventing the want with which your banishment threatens you; that is, to cultivate the island, and fill it with inhabitants. This our laws allow you to do; and your subjects are so perfectly obedient, that they will go wherever you desire. Send, therefore, a number of laborers over to the desert island, and let the waste grounds be converted into fruitful meadows; erect towns and storehouses, and provide them with all necessary means of existence. In one word—prepare for yourself a new kingdom, whose inhabitants, after your banishment, will receive you joyfully. Be vigilant, let not a moment pass unemployed; for the time is short, and the more you do toward the erection of your new dwelling, the happier will be your abode there. Constantly figure to yourself that to-morrow your year will be already passed, and take advantage of to-day's freedom, like a fugitive, who knows that chains await him on the morrow. If you despise my counsel and give way to prostration and idleness, you are lost, and eternal misery will be your lot."

The king was a sensible man, and the

speech of the minister gave wings to his decision. He at once sent off a number of his subjects, who went willingly and commenced the work with zeal. The island soon began to improve, and before six months had passed, there stood fair cities on its blooming plains. But the king was yet unsatisfied. He sent over other inhabitants, and they were even more willing than the first, because they went to a pleasant land, inhabited by their friends and countrymen. In the mean time the year was drawing to a close. Former kings had trembled at the approach of the moment in which they were to lay aside their transient honors; but this one looked forward to it with eagerness, for he was bound to a land where, by his well-directed exertions, he had prepared an enduring habitation. The appointed day at last arrived. The king was seized in his palace, despoiled of his diadem and royal attire, and placed in the fatal vessel which was to bear him to his place of banishment. But hardly had he landed on the coast of the island when the inhabitants hastened joyfully to meet him, received him with great honor, and, instead of decking his head with a diadem whose splendor lasted but one short year, bound a wreath of unfading flowers around his brow. The Almighty rewarded his wisdom. He gave him the immortality of his subjects, and made him their eternal king.

The rich, beneficent man represents God; the slave who is sent forth by his master, is man at his birth. The island where he lands, is the world; the inhabitants who receive him gladly, are the parents who provide for the naked, weeping stranger. The vizier, who warns him of the sorrowful fate which awaits him, is wisdom. The year of his reign, is the course of human life; and the desert island for which he is destined, is the future world. The laborers whom he sends there, are the good deeds he does during his life. But the kings who preceded him, and did not consider the misery that awaited them, are the larger portion of mankind, who are occupied only with earthly pleasures and occupations, and do not remember the life which follows after death—they were punished with want and misery, whilst the other appeared with full hands before the throne of the Almighty.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

[Translated from the French, for The National Magazine.]

IV.

WE have analyzed the character and opinions of Margaret, neglecting, in some degree, her life; and this, because her *memoirs* portray not a life, but a character. Circumstantial details are given us only in regard to the commencement and the termination of her career. Her joyless, restrained and sedentary childhood, has already been described. We shall now behold the counterpart of that childhood; a maturity always unhappy, but enfevered and tormented by a need of movement too long repressed. It may be said that Margaret was never happy; she spent her life in the yearning for happiness, and had scarcely seen its shadow when she was swept away by death. That indomitable arrogance, which caused her to reign like a despot over her friends, necessarily trampled under foot the mean and paltry trivialities of daily existence. The first blow given to her pride, was the death of her father, by cholera, in 1835. Margaret was at that time twenty-five years old, and this young and brilliant woman, who had never dreamed of anything except the development of her intellect, and the exercise of her moral power over all who approached her, saw all at once that life contains duties less egotistical and attractive. Mr. Fuller left no fortune to provide for the necessities of a very numerous family, and Margaret became the exclusive stay of her mother, and brothers, and sisters. She did not contemplate without emotion her novel situation, but she, nevertheless, showed herself worthy of herself; she did not abandon her cherished intellectual occupations, but she prayed God that duty might in future be her principal consideration, and that her egotism might be forsaken. "I shall be obliged," she wrote, "to give up selfishness in the end. May God enable me to see the way clear, and not to let down the intellectual, in raising the moral tone of my mind. Difficulties and duties became distinct the very night after my father's death, and a solemn prayer was offered then, that I might combine what is due to others with what is due to myself. The spirit of that prayer I shall endeavor constantly to maintain." It became necessary that she should renounce all her projects, her

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literary designs, and her long-promised travels. She was on the point of embarking for Europe with Professor Farrar and Miss Martineau, who was then completing her travels in the United States; the voyage was indefinitely postponed, and her destiny was changed. For a moment, however, she hesitated respecting the choice of the means to be employed in assisting the members of her family. Should she make her daily bread by literary labors, or in some occupation less obnoxious to the caprices and tastes of the hour? With great practical good-sense, which she lamented having not developed, but which never failed her entirely, she chose the latter alternative, and went to teach, first in Mr. Allcott's school in Boston, and subsequently at Providence. There we see her resigning herself courageously to the most unpleasant labor, and teaching simultaneously Latin, French, Italian, and German. For a time she found, to all appearance, a certain happiness in her new employments, which gave her tranquillity and imparted a freshness to her life, of which it had been almost always deprived; but at length, after having practiced this calling some considerable time, she abandoned it in order to resume her former habits—to rule, not over children, but over men.

In the following years we behold her leading a hard, fatiguing, and monotonous existence, striving to divide her time between her literary avocations and the duties she was called upon to fulfill. It is at this time, urged partly by her inward activity and the exuberance of her knowledge, partly by necessity, she submitted to the public the greatest part of the writings which bear her name:—her *Essay on Goëthe*, her translation of Eckermann's *Conversations with Goëthe*, and the *Papers on Literature and Art*, the fruit of her connection with the "*Dial*." Amid these occupations, lassitude gained increasing possession of her mind. From time to time we meet in her notes and journal the plaintive accents of discouragement and despair, contrasting singularly with the transports and hopes of her brighter moods. "I am weary of thinking," she writes one day; "I suffer great fatigue from living. O God, take me! take me wholly! Thou knowest that I love none but thee. All this beautiful poetry of my being lies in thee, thou only Love! In

the depth of my prayer I suffer much. I sink from want of rest; and none will shelter me. Thou knowest it all. Bathe me in the living waters of thy love." In these repeated ejaculations a sincere anguish and veritable depression are painfully evident. In the struggle against nature, upon which she had entered, Margaret could not fail of being ultimately vanquished; she was so in reality. The legitimate instincts of the human heart had been despised, and she believed, in her arrogance, that she had eradicated them forever. Vain expectation! they revisited her with increased power at an age when they are usually pacified and quiescent; they returned, causing her to hear, instead of the murmur and the music by which they are announced in youthful hearts, accents of reproach and tones of melancholy. Vague desires of maternity are here and there perceptible in the language she employs. To be a wife and mother, this is now the secret wish, expressed with unrivaled discretion, and appreciable only by a kind of divination. At New-York, in the house of Horace Greeley, she found her greatest enjoyment in the sports and caresses of "Pickie," the infant son of the principal editor of the *New-York Tribune*. She made herself, says Mr. Greeley, the preceptor and playmate of Pickie, who called her Aunt Margaret. She preferred seclusion, and went but rarely to the "somewhat celebrated soirees of Miss Lynch, where she met the assembled authors, artists, critics, and *dilettante* of New-York." At this epoch, moreover, it would seem that her prestige had begun to decline, either from the influence of age and chagrin, or from the influence of those new sentiments so tardily awakened in her heart. On several occasions she left these re-unions wounded by some contemptuous sarcasm or sneering epigram.

Hitherto she had known only the better minds and more elevated spirits of the American literary world, who sincerely admired and loved her, submitting to her despotic fantasies, and forgiving all the caprices of her pride. Once brought into contact with those subaltern *litterateurs* who search after defects and vices with far keener zest than honest cause for admiration, and who prefer listening to foolish or equivocal statements than to wise and noble thoughts, her life became

a constant state of suffering. The epithet "*pedant*" was whispered around on her appearance, and she was stung at for being destitute of the graces of the woman. One evening after a valentine party, where, with Mrs. Frances Osgood and other literary ladies, she attracted much attention, a friend surprised her in tears in a remote corner of the room, and when he asked her the cause of her grief, she made the significant answer, "I am alone as usual." In this expression may be read her loathing of her life, and her regret that she was not, like the women who surrounded her, a wife and mother. Her journal at this period contains some pathetic and heart-rending passages. She supplicates Almighty God, that she may not be suffered to nourish bitter feelings in her heart; she fears, especially, the danger of becoming cold and scornful to her friends. "Father, let me not injure my fellows during this period of repression. I feel that when we meet, my tones are not so sweet as I would have them. O let me not wound! I who know so well how wounds can burn and ache, should not inflict them. . . I have the consciousness that I have no real hold on life,—no real, permanent connection with any soul. I seem a wandering intelligence, driven from spot to spot, that I may learn all secrets, and fulfill a circle of knowledge. This thought envelops me as a cold atmosphere. I do not see how I shall go through this destiny." . . Margaret has now found her punishment. What a moral lesson is contained in her life!

These sorrows, ever on the increase, required to be forgotten, if that were possible. Margaret thought that she would best drive them from her memory by quitting America, and accordingly embarked for Europe in the spring of 1846, with one of her New-York friends, Mr. M. Spring. The voyage was in truth for some time a derivative to her inward suffering; curiosity, the various spectacles she encountered, and the celebrated persons she met with, made her forget herself, and she found shortly afterward, in Italy, the accomplishment of her secret desire. Her travels in France, England, and Italy, during the years 1846 and 1847, teach us nothing very interesting: here and there the shadowy outlines of celebrated persons, imperfectly seen, pass before our view; some fugitive, hasty,

and partly incorrect observations upon Europe, fill the pages of her narrative of travel. She left France without having seen anything remarkable, except *Mme. Sand*, *Beranger*, and *Lamenais*, whom she had not time to study, and, therefore, confines herself simply to the appropriate dithyrambs. In other respects, she quitted our country without regret, not being able, she says, to trust anything that was told her, "so completely is lying ingrained in *la grande nation*." She had arrived full of enthusiasm for Europe, but she had scarcely disembarked before her enthusiasm begins to abate. Some of her favorite poets, whose features she beheld at the French Academy, did not reproduce the ideal she had formed of them, while reading their works. It is in England as in France; ennui quickly overtakes her, "in the midst of that mountain of shams and prejudices, which obscures the light and hinders truth from circulating." Nevertheless, from a greater familiarity with England than with France, she sees more clearly and justly, and sketches the portraits of the distinguished men she meets, with more precision and correctness. The aged Wordsworth is vividly portrayed; living in retirement at his hermitage at Rydal-Mount, ignorant of all the facts and celebrities of the day, he is described as employing the remaining hours of life in benign and gentle occupations, walks across the country, gardening, and familiar gossip with the neighboring peasants. "Do the people here," said Margaret to her landlady, "value Mr. Wordsworth most because he is a celebrated writer?" "Truly, Madam," was the answer, "I think it is because he is so kind a neighbor." Thomas Carlyle is most accurately drawn; his gesticulations, conversation, tone of voice, despotic arrogance of manner and oddities, are described with so much vivacity, that the picture may be pronounced at once a likeness. Margaret saw him three times; on each occasion under a different aspect, which involuntarily revealed to her the different phases of his character. At the first interview, he was in "a very sweet humor, and full of eloquence and pathos." Margaret was transported with the rich flow of his discourse, and the prodigality with which he let fall the noble thoughts and witty anecdotes, with which his mind and memory are full. "He let

me talk now and then," says Miss Fuller, "enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired." At the second visit, his humor was changed; he was in his more acrid mood, and railed at, and depreciated every name and subject which were brought up in the course of conversation. Poetry seemed to him, that evening, a pitiable thing. Burns ought to have written prose. Shakspeare had not the good sense to see that prose is a much more natural language than poetry. Above all, he was enraged with the memory of Petrarch, and pronounced the name of Laura with an inimitably sarcastic drawl. In her last meeting with him, he unluckily found her in company with Mazzini, so that whenever the conversation took a turn to humanitarian progress and idealism, the voice of Carlyle was heard, fluent in invectives against all such *rose-water imbecilities*. "All Carlyle's talk that evening, was a defense of mere force," says Margaret Fuller: "success is the test of right;—if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks;—find a hero, and let them be his slaves. . . . It was very Titanic, and ante-celestial." This, too, is the first occasion in which Margaret is beheld in the company of Mazzini; how did their relations become subsequently so intimate? We know not; but from that time she no more loses sight of the tribune and future dictator. She defends him whenever he is attacked, even against her friends. The *rose-water imbecilities*, to use Carlyle's expression, were quite to her taste; but we are unable to explain her enthusiasm for a man whose fanaticism consists altogether in action.

After rambling over France and England, Margaret abandoned the friends with whom she had arrived in Europe, and leaving them to continue their travels as they pleased, established herself in Italy, with the hope of never quitting it. Here her life was to have its *dénoûment*, and this, it may be said, was with her a kind of presentiment. She made Italy her adopted country. The Italians were her favorite people, one scarcely sees the reason why, perhaps because they possess in excess the *objective* qualities, in which she herself was deficient. According to her own avowal, she alone, among all the Americans of her acquaintance, loved the Italians. "My countrymen," she writes,

"prefer the loyal, slow-moving Germans, even the Russian, with his dog's nose and *gentlemanly* servility, to my dear Italians." She resided successively at Rome, Milan, and Florence, making everywhere new friends, among whom we must particularly mention the Marchioness Visconti of Milan, who seems to have become remarkably attached to her. While at Rome, she was surprised by the revolution of February, 1848. After that occurrence she did not quit the Eternal City except at rare intervals, and was, therefore, in a position to follow in all their details the sudden changes of the Roman revolution. She had amassed materials for writing a history of the later events in Italy, but these were lost in the shipwreck in which she met her death. Of the part which she then played, and her relations with Mazzini, we have no positive and definite information. All that we can gather, is that before the flight of Pius IX., Margaret was conscious, as events rapidly followed each other, of a new desire, the necessity of action, and the impossibility of remaining a simple spectatress of what was going on. After the flight of the Pope, this wish seemed somewhat relieved, and she speaks as a person immediately interested in all that was passing. In her journal and letters from Rome we could have desired more information, anecdotes, and facts. It is only with difficulty that here and there a few may be gleaned. Some occurrences, however, are described with much animation; as, for example, the scene exhibited in Rome on the day when tidings were received of the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan. "I saw the Austrian arms dragged through the streets here, and burned in the Piazza del Popolo. The Italians embraced one another, and cried, *Miracolo, Provvidenza!* the Tribune Ciceronachio fed the flame with fagots; Adam Mickiewicz, the great poet of Poland, long exiled from his country, looked on; while Polish women brought little pieces that had been scattered in the streets, and threw them into the flames. When the double-headed eagle was pulled down from the lofty portal of the Palazzo di Venezia, the people placed there, in its stead, one of white and gold, inscribed with the name, *Alta Italia*; and instantly the news followed, that Milan, Venice, Modena, and Parma, were driving out their tyrants. These news were received

in Rome with indescribable rapture. Men danced, and women wept with joy along the street. The youths rushed to enroll themselves in regiments to go to the frontier. In the Colosseum, their names were received." What a singular tableau, that of this city, in which representatives of all nations meet to participate in the same passions without sharing the same belief, and to mingle in common admiration without being able to offer in concert one solitary prayer! Margaret gives us in many passages a good idea of the *catholic* character of the Eternal City, which is not the special possession of any people, but the rendezvous of all, and which, after having overthrown the universal rule of the Pope, beheld within its walls the establishment, not of a Roman republic, but of the cosmopolitan government of Mazzini. The medley association of things ancient and modern is also well apprehended and reproduced. It is in the Colosseum that volunteers enroll their names, and, as we are about to show, it is near the tomb of Cecilia Metella that the civic guard perform their military exercises. "This morning," she writes, "I went with half Rome to see the civic guard manœuvring in that great field near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is full of ruins. The effect was noble, as the band played the Bolognese March, and six thousand Romans passed in battle array amid these fragments of the great time."

In the midst of these occurrences, Margaret was unable to preserve the independence of her judgment, and her opinions are as mobile as the ever-shifting scenes of the times. She shares all the passions of the crowd, and gives vent to the same acclamations. She cries "*Vive Pio Nono*," while the Pope is still popular, and pronounces him a *saint*; but afterward, when she hears the populace reply to his refusal to declare war against Austria, by the appellations of "*traiter*," and "*imbécile*," she does not hesitate to join her voice in chorus with theirs. "I did not get your letter," she writes to Emerson, "about having the rosary blessed for —, before I left Rome, and now, I suppose, she would not wish it, as none can now attach any value to the blessing of Pius IX." Notwithstanding the excitement and hubbub around her, Margaret sometimes essays to recover the

silence and solitude of the Rome of former times. Vain were her efforts!—the drums persist in beating, the people shout their acclamations, she hears under her windows the shrieks of death or of battle. Then involuntarily, and of necessity, she mingles with external matters in alternate sympathy or indignation. If she sympathized with the republican followers of Mazzini, rather than, as we believe, participated in their actions, one reason may excuse her. It is the state of her mind at the epoch of the Roman revolution. Margaret had at this period lost all her former force of will; she dreamed no longer of exercising dominion, but, on the contrary, yearned no more to will, or even to think;—she sought a master and a ruler; she found both in the events of the day, and forgot herself in the spectacle of external things. "Once," she writes from Rieti, "I had resolution to face my difficulties myself, and try to give only what was pleasant to others; but now that my courage has fairly given way, and the fatigue of life is beyond my strength, I do not prize myself, or expect others to prize me." She was, moreover, directly interested in the triumph of the Roman Republic, for her husband was serving in the republican forces.

Her husband!—what a novel word in connection with Margaret! But before speaking of her marriage, we must draw some inductions from her correspondence and the narrative of her friends, which give an explanation of certain disputed historical facts. It will be remembered that in a volume of "Souvenirs," published about a twelvemonth since, the Princess Belgiojoso confirmed the truth of certain statements in a papal circular. The same thing occurs in the "Memoirs" of Margaret in relation to certain other facts. During the siege of Rome by the French army, Margaret was appointed by the Princess Belgiojoso, Directress or *Regolatrice* of the hospital of the *Fate-Bene Fratelli*. In this capacity, she had the opportunity of seeing all the wounded, of becoming acquainted with their language, their country, their origin, and suffers the following avowal to escape her:—"Some are French, some Germans, and many Poles. Indeed, I am afraid it is too true that there were comparatively but few Romans among them." Thus then, from the confession of Margaret herself, it is not at all the Romans who

have been vanquished; it is a cosmopolitan array, the army of Mazzini. Here, then, is an incontrovertible statement, which throws singular light upon the question of right, in the destruction of the Roman Republic. It must be recollected that the party opposed to the expedition against Rome, have always denied that the combatants were foreigners; but this can no longer be doubted, after the affirmation of Margaret. Another fact:—On her return one day from a visit to her child, who was out at nurse in Rieti, she rested for an hour or two at a little way-side *osteria*, when suddenly the *padrone* rushed into her room and exclaimed, "We are quite lost! Here is the Legion Garibaldi. These men always pillage, and if we do not give all up to them without pay, they will kill us." Margaret tranquillized the *padrone*, by paying the expenses of the soldiers who had invaded the *osteria*. The soldiers of Garibaldi were, therefore, as has been heretofore asserted, the terror of peaceable Italians; instead of defending the country, they treated it as a conquered territory. This simple tale sets aside all doubt; beyond all question, our radicals have belied the evidence of facts. It is vexatious, indeed, that these particulars are so rare in the memoirs of Margaret; had it been otherwise, we should have obtained some important revelations, if we may judge from these two statements, which are found there accidentally.

The marriage of Margaret is one of the most singular; indeed, it is inexplicable. In what is communicated respecting this union, there is still something which remains exceedingly obscure and difficult of comprehension, without our being able to state precisely in what the mystery consists. The name of her husband was Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. He was the youngest son of the Marquis d'Ossoli, a Roman nobleman, who, after having enjoyed a considerable fortune, was at this period almost ruined. At the time in which the young Marquis made Margaret's acquaintance, his father was still living, and the marriage, in all probability, was not consummated until after his death. His three brothers were in the papal service; one in the administration as Secretary of the Privy Chamber, the other two in the Guard Noble. Of his whole family, he alone held republican

principles. He was about thirty years of age, and consequently much younger than Margaret. "I do not know," says Margaret in a letter to her mother, "whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously." The character of the Marquis d'Ossoli was sweet and submissive; his manners were affectionate and timid, his intellect of no great elevation, and his acquirements limited. That he was fascinated by the charms of Margaret, may be readily supposed; but how could this woman, formerly so imperious, have consented to link her destiny with that of a man whose nature, without being vulgar, was in no respect elevated? Probably that vague yearning which we have known her on several occasions manifest, effected this miracle. Her marriage was, to all appearance, accomplished by the sudden bursting forth of the eternal instincts of humanity, and her heart thus avenged itself on the pride which had so long been its oppressor.

It is not that the young Marquis appears unworthy of the tenderness with which Margaret regarded him; but assuredly at any other period of her history, she would hardly have bestowed a glance, even of indifference, upon him with whom she now united her life. As for the rest, in the expression of her feelings toward her husband, only tenderness, not the least passion, is observable. Another affection, however, burst forth at this time with violence, and, one may say, with remarkable violence;—we mean maternal love. What has become of my child? Shall I find him still living? Will he have escaped the balls of the soldiers? Can his nurse have abandoned him? Such are her greatest disquietudes during the siege of Rome, and the destiny of the Republic occasions her far less alarm than the destiny of her little Angelino. And when Rome was taken, and the Marquis d'Ossoli with herself had sought an asylum at Florence, with how great interest does she watch his infantine amusements: how entirely she forgets her metaphysics in his cries and smiles! "In the morning, as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room, and then draws our cur-

tain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, pats my face, laughs, crows, shows his teeth, blows like the bellows, stretches himself, and says 'bravo.' Then, having shown off all his accomplishments, he expects, as a reward, to be tied in his chair, and have his playthings. These engage him busily; but still he calls to us to sing and drum, to enliven the scene. Sometimes he summons me to kiss his hand, and laughs very much at this. Eucharistic is that baby laugh," Where is now transcendentalism? where are now her former triumphs? All is completely forgotten, it would seem. Margaret will be forgiven for having been a woman once, at all events, in her life. At this moment, under the influence of the gentle feelings, so slow in springing up in her heart, the feverish excitement of her life subsides, and all that is withered and unhealthy disappears. She is now restored to a new life, and finds happiness even in the midst of poverty and great anxiety respecting the future. She has learned at length to love something else than her own qualities of intellect. The arts, nature, and all so dear to her tastes, inspire her now with a more measured interest,—becoming, what indeed they ought always to be, brilliant accessories and ornaments to life. Her power of domination is no longer, as before, tyrannic and exclusive. Disuniting herself from vanity and pride, she gives them a practical and useful direction, and brings them into alliance with charity and humanity. Over the violent nature of the Italian, she exerted the same power of attraction as over the delicate and cultivated minds of her friends. Several anecdotes are extant in corroboration of this statement. At one time she prevents a fratricide or a murder, which is on the point of perpetration; at another, by her mere presence, she forces friendly explanations from anger or jealousy. The psychical force she possessed was evidently natural, not factitious, and capable of exerting itself effectually in all countries and latitudes, not merely in a literary gathering or a semi-lettered American *salon*. But her excellent qualities were not exhibited free from all alloy, until a natural feeling came to replace that exaggerated sense of personal consciousness and will, which she had cherished through her life.

Margaret was very happy, but her happiness came too late, and was in too great contradiction with her whole past life to be able to endure. Margaret felt this, and had always a presentiment that the year 1850 would be to her a fatal year. It became necessary to make arrangements for the means of existence. The Marquis d'Ossoli had no fortune; the remains of his father's estate, a share in which was to fall to his lot, could not, in consequence of legal difficulties, be made available for some considerable, and indeed uncertain period. Besides, he was outlawed. His marriage had been secret, from the fear that Margaret's Protestantism, in connection with his own reputation as a republican, would contribute to deprive him of his slender patrimony. It became necessary, therefore, to leave Italy, and to seek an asylum upon the hospitable shores of America. On the seventeenth of May, 1850, Margaret and her husband sailed from Leghorn in the bark *Elizabeth*. Gloomy forebodings were not wanting; the Marquis d'Ossoli remembered that an old gipsy had told him in his boyhood that he must never trust the sea. Death visited the ship during the voyage, and Captain Hasty, swept away by a malignant fever, wrapped in the flag of his nation, was consigned to the waves under the eyes of Margaret. Angelino, who with his sports had diverted the whole ship's company, sickened with the same dreadful malady, and for some time his parents despaired of his life. On Thursday, July fifteenth, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast, almost in sight of New-York, when a terrible tempest arose. Soon all the passengers became aware of the frightful destiny which awaited them. Margaret might have been saved, but she peremptorily refused to be separated from her husband and child. The first who perished was the little Angelino, who had been taken by the steward, with a solemn pledge that he would save him or die. Margaret saw him perish, and an instant afterward her husband; she perished last. None of her papers were saved, except her correspondence with the Marquis d'Ossoli; nor was her body ever found. The corpse of the little Angelino alone reached the shore; "a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and bore it to the nearest house. The next day, borne upon the shoulders of the rescued seamen in a

chest, which one of them gave for a coffin, it was buried among the sand heaps on that melancholy shore."

Thus terminated, by a horrible catastrophe, the life of this ardent and feverish woman. Margaret Fuller has marked her place in the annals of her country. It is the first time such a character has appeared in the United States. Among all the symptoms indicative of a desire for change in the manners, moral life, and religion of the Americans, there is nothing more curious than this. We are interested in this question, we Europeans; such an existence may serve us for a moral thermometer, by which to measure the amount of influence which European ideas have had, and are still exciting in the development of transatlantic civilization. The whole history of America is the result of the ideas of Europe:—after Luther and Calvin, who may be regarded as the founders of New-England, came Locke and Voltaire, who may be considered in their turn as the founders of the Union and the fathers of the Revolution. Now it is Kant and Hegel who are the apostles of a moral and intellectual renovation. America is thus a vast workshop of experiments. In moral things, as in physical geography, America is not a distinct and separate world; it is but the second hemisphere of our planet. All that Europe thinks, America applies, whether it be an industrial invention or a system of morals. The Americans have not at present, and probably will not have for a long time to come, any ideas which are properly their own; but they know how to live a cosmopolitan life, and they receive all the influences of Europe. Ideas which would inflict destruction upon us, have no effect upon their robust temperament and vigorous health; all are useful to them, and nothing is capable of injuring them. So, whatever may have been her mistakes or her faults, Margaret Fuller ought not to be judged too severely. Her influence, which might have been hurtful in Europe, has been, on the contrary, salutary in America. After the revolutions it has gone through, and the shocks it has suffered, the European mind requires to be treated with infinite caution. It must be soothed with prudence when governed; and he cannot too carefully weigh his words, who would address it as a

writer or philosopher. But the American mind can be addressed without fear of heating it too violently. There, in that young and vigorous world, words fly more lightly than in our Europe; they are less easily rendered into action, and there is no such need to moderate one's enthusiasm. The influence of Margaret has not died with her; she still lives, she returns to us and will long return to us, under the form of books or essays. She, more than any other individual, has sown the harvest which is beginning to show itself in America and is slowly ripening there. Hence we have spoken of her with minuteness and sympathy, in order that hereafter, when all the facts and ideas which she has scattered in America shall bear their fruit, she also may sustain her share of the responsibility and receive her portion of the praise, for the evil and the good which these ideas and facts may ultimately produce.

DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

THE deep and irrepressible craving, this singular pining of the soul for yet untrodden lands, comes upon us, not as we might expect, in times of suffering, (for then the soul has no power to expand—it only asks removal of present pressure,) but in joy, and that only in joy of a certain kind. The enjoyment of food, of drink, of warmth, and refreshing coolness, of motion, of rest, calls for nothing beyond the highest degree of that enjoyment—it asks no ascending into the infinite; on the contrary, rather a falling back into contraction. But, in the enjoyment of the sun's noon-tide radiance—of the crimson splendors of its setting, and of the moon's silver beams—in the contemplation of the sublime in nature, and the sublime in art—in the giving way to tender sensibility—in the sweet tears of happy emotion—in all, and through all this, is to be traced the yearning after something higher; and the overflowing heart overflows, and yet is not filled. The heart in joy resembles those birds of passage, which, though caged in warm apartments, still, at the season when their fellows migrate, pine for, and pant to wing their flight to the distant land of genial warmth and vernal beauty.

This indefinable feeling in human nature

is especially developed by the power of an art, the peculiar properties of which, and superiority to all other arts, we know not rightly yet. I speak not of poetry, or of painting, but of music. Why do we forget, while acknowledging that music heightens joyous and sad emotions—yea, itself produces them—that the soul loses itself in the magic of its sweet sounds, as in a labyrinth—that more mightily, more powerfully, than any other art, it makes us experience, momentarily, rapid transitions from joy to sorrow—why, while conscious of all this, do we forget its still higher property—its power of making us pine for some other land, and of drawing from the soul a sigh, full of pantings for the future, which yet do but seem yearnings for some familiar long-loved home of the spirit?

Why music should thus, above all other arts, thrill upon the inner man, is beyond my power to explain. Singularly do its material movements erect themselves into certain regular forms of sounds, which are carried forward to the finely-fashioned nerves; but from these, to the soul's depths which music stirs so powerfully, we have still a vast interval.

But to what end is it that man, while growing at the root which draws him down, and is fully satisfied in the earth, must also be growing at the stalk, which presses upward to heaven's air and light? To what end serves this double direction in man? Manifestly not merely to his earthly happiness. Would Heaven do that which is forbidden to us—subject the higher to the service of the lower, and plant flowers only to strew them upon the dunghill? Can the instinct which we feel so strongly within after a higher world, a deeper love—can the idea of the divine, of the moral, be implanted within us, only to enhance the pleasures of earthly life, and, like tropic fruits and spices, to give more relish to the joys of sense? But no, it is exactly the contrary. The sharpest and deepest sorrows are the lot of the nobler spirits; and the finely-fashioned nerve that most quickly thrills to the breath of heaven, is most alive to the touch of pain.

But surely these indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birth-right were not given us in vain; and yet, if disappointed hereafter, they avail us little here below. What instinct of the millions of different animals has been suf-

fered by Infinite Goodness to fall short of its promise, even to the unconscious and unexpectant? and shall the divine instinct of the soul be suffered to be objectless and aimless by Him who shapeth all things to their uses? Then too, what a distinction is there between the mere instinct of the animal, and that plan of a future world that is drawn upon the soul of man! The animal instinct has more feelers, the human more antennæ. Animal instinct utters its prophetic promises, and its requisitions, with a dim vagueness, and draws and impels to the end it has in view in the dark, with an invisible hand: as, for instance, in the secret powerful impulse to build the nest, and lay up a store for the insect brood, for unknown and totally dissimilar offspring. In man, on the contrary, the instinct of immortality has its fulfillment, even here below; for what we call hope of it, and desire after it, is but the development of that immortality. Our pure joys are but the commencement of that happiness for which we pant; and, though the heart lie low upon this earth's horizon, like the mass of cloud that, with its varied coloring, does but portend rain, and gives no presage of fine earthly days, yet is this very cloud the beginning of the rainbow which spreads itself over the dark earth, and the glowing tints of which are the bright beams of that very sun, of whose future undimmed glories it is the promise.

More truths than we look for are to be found in the old comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly; for, in the caterpillar, instinct finds the plan of the future fabric which it has to work out. In the caterpillar lies hid, according to Swammerdam, the chrysalis; and this, again, contains the butterfly, with its folded wings and antennæ. And this pale imprisoned form goes through its successive labors, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, and immuring itself in the cocoon, only that it may, at length, break forth to freedom, and, leaving behind it its slough, and renouncing forever its coarse diet of leaves, sport henceforth amid the flowers, feed upon honey, and live for love. O! how do these similitudes speak the desires of the soul! How gladly would it, in its pupa state, be permitted to burst the chrysalis, and widely, fully expand those soft tender wings, that are bruised in its dungeon-

tenement! For is not this the consummation for which it bears a thousand sufferings—for which it undergoes privation and pain? Surely, it were a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after its long imprisonment in the unsightly larva, after all its painful casting off of its skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth—nothing; or come forth in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around it as a shroud.

But men can believe all this—ready to believe all against God, but slow of heart to receive all that would speak of his infinite wisdom and infinite goodness! One cloudy day is sufficient to obscure from our view a whole life full of divine sunshine; and the short, dark hour of death shuts out from us the long, bright future. We do, indeed, live in a wonderful night of existence; and these anticipations, these presentiments are our moonlight. But does not this presuppose a Sun!

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their little father.

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Every one has in his youth something of a poetic genius—its folly and its enthusiasm. The poetic genius itself lives in an eternal youth.

I have never had such a peculiar feeling of the narrowness of the human heart, as when, in one afternoon, I have had to write six friendly letters to six different persons.

It does not follow that he who deceives us, considers us, therefore, as fools. He ascribes his success rather to his resistless powers.

There are comforters by profession, to whom nothing worse could happen than that others should be consoled: they could then talk the less.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fetid vapors of evil impressions.

The pursuit of pleasure makes us as earthly-minded as engrossment in business.

Moral science, no less than the other sciences, is subject to the limitations of our finite capacities; but as no one endeavors to reach the highest point, we are kept in ignorance of where its boundary lies.

To say, "Man may seek truth not so much in order to find it as to exercise his faculties in the search, and to strengthen his mental powers," is to say, "Take food, not that you may be nourished thereby, but that your teeth may be sharpened."

It is a matter of indifference to us what little minds think of our understandings, but not what they think of our dress.

Admiration profits not the object so much as the subject of it. While rejoicing that a man is great, we have also reason to rejoice that we are able to appreciate his worth.

The death of our beloved gives us our first love again. By death we are taught truly to love: the dear one, no longer subject to our caprice or his own, remains a spotless, glorious object of love; and time, instead of taking away from his attractions, gives to him additional charms. Thus the heart is always a gainer, give it but free room and full liberty to love.

WEATHER WISDOM.

NEARLY everybody professes to be weather-wise. Everybody tells everybody what sort of weather may be expected, and in nine cases out of ten everybody is wrong. What is commonly called the power of foretelling the weather, is only the result of repeated observations on the comparative frequency with which certain effects accompany one another. Hence it is that agriculturists, shepherds, gardeners, coachmen—but above all, fishermen and sailors—are so much more weather-wise than the mechanic or citizen; and from the constant necessity they are under of studying the minutest indications, or secondary effects of meteorological changes, they arrive at the power of foretelling future changes, with a certainty far exceeding the landsman's comprehension.

In the absence of that *tact*, that quick prescience of atmospheric changes, possessed by the class of persons we have before mentioned, and which can only be acquired by a similar course of discipline, the common observer must have a barometer to aid him in forming a guess,

whether he should take an umbrella or great-coat with him, or whether he may go forth unprepared for anything but warmth and sunshine. But indications of the weather are not only to be found in barometrical changes, the clouds furnish data, and animals evidence every change; and he who sets to work to study these things gains something more than weather wisdom, he acquires the habit of observation.

BAROMETRICAL CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

After a continuance of dry weather, if the barometer begin to fall slowly and steadily, rain will certainly ensue; if after a great deal of wet weather, the mercury begins to rise steadily and slowly, fine weather will come, though two or three days may first elapse. On either of the two foregoing suppositions, if the change immediately ensues on the motion of the mercury, the change will not be permanent.

The mercury will often rise or fall as has just been mentioned, for some time, before the fair or wet weather, which it prognosticates, begins; and it will then fall or rise during the continuance of this; that is, the mercury will often appear at variance with the existing state of the atmosphere. Under such circumstances the principle before alluded to must be borne in mind; that the barometer only indicates some change in the air which has taken place, but the effects of which may not yet be seen.

A sudden fall of the barometer in the spring or autumn, indicates *wind*; in the summer, during very hot weather, a thunder-storm may be expected; in winter, a sudden fall after frost of some continuance, indicates a change of wind, with thaw and rain. But in a continued frost, a rise of the mercury indicates approaching snow.

When a violent gale has followed a sudden fall of the mercury, it begins to rise again very rapidly, especially about the season of the equinoxes; in this case the gale will not last long. No rapid fluctuations of the barometer are to be interpreted as indicating either dry or wet weather; it is only the *slow, steady*, and continued rise or fall that is to be attended to in this respect. A rise of mercury, late in the autumn, after a long continuance of wet and windy weather, gen-

erally indicates a change of wind to the northern quarters, and the approach of frost.

INDICATIONS FURNISHED BY CLOUDS, ETC.

Clouds are an old-fashioned index to the weather. In many an old country saying, in many an old doggerel verse its weather-wisdom lessons are conveyed:—

"An evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveler on his way;
But an evening gray and a morning red,
Will pour down rain on the traveler's head."

If the sky be clear, after the continuance of fair weather, light streaks of cloud (*cirrus*) appearing are the first indications of change. If these clouds accumulate, and descend into lower regions of the atmosphere, rain commences. When the sun appears to be setting in a fog, with dark and crimson streaks, in sharp, well-defined lines, wind, and rain, and stormy weather may be expected. In hot summer weather, the sky, during the finest days, is often loaded with masses of cloud, clear, sharp, rounded, and brilliantly edged with light. With such a sky, no immediate change need be apprehended. If, however, toward evening, these clouds congregate in the horizon, and rise upward with sharp outlines, and an unusual stillness and closeness is felt in the air, it is a sure sign of an approaching thunder-storm. A greenish tinge in the gray evening is a sure precursor of wet; but, whatever may be their form, color, and character, an increase of the clouds, particularly toward evening, may be generally taken as indicating approaching rain, because accumulated moisture in the air must return to the earth in rain. The dappled or mottled sky is at all seasons a sign of fine weather. Haloes around the moon are considered a tolerably certain sign of rain, even when there is no apparent cloud intervening to form them.

GENERAL AND COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Among these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which may also be added the woodwork of houses, as doors, windows, window-shutters, &c.

Before rain an unusual bustle is observed among ants, bees, and wasps at their nests; spiders quit their recesses, and are seen crawling about at night;

flies of all kinds are more active, and sting or bite. When gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, it indicates fine weather; but if they retire under the shade of trees at evening, rain may be expected. Snails and slugs appear in greater number in damp weather, and therefore both before and after rain; and frogs are more noisy in the ponds and marshes at the same time. Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which are their prey approach nearer to the earth at that time. It has been observed that fish are eager in bolting at flies, and are more active before rain, for a similar reason.

The uneasiness of pigs before a storm has been a theme of amusement in rural life, quite long enough to attest the truth of the observation. Sailors expect a storm when porpoises and dolphins gambol on the surface of the water.

Peacocks and guinea-fowls, and many other birds, are particularly clamorous before rain; and the domestic cock manifests uneasiness by frequent crowing. Birds in general retain in the quill-part of their feathers a quantity of oil, which, when they feel an extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express by means of their bills, and distribute it over their feathers to secure their bodies against the effects of an approaching shower.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they graze and lounge about, eating and resting alternately, with apparent indifference.

The closing of the flowers of the *anagallis arvensis* on dull days and in moist weather, has conferred upon it the title of the "poor man's weather-glass;" but the following lines convey most of the popular precepts on the subject, and we therefore venture to present them:—

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the light-red pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;

Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
 And to her bed untimely send her.
 Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
 The distant hills are looking nigh.
 How restless are the snorting swine!
 The busy flies disturb the kine;
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws;
 The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
 Then spreading back to earth it bends;
 The wind, unsteady, veers around,
 Or setting in the south is found!
 Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
 And nimbly catch the cautious flies;
 The glow-worms, numerous, clear, and bright,
 Illumed the dewy hill last night.
 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
 Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green;
 The whirling wind the dust obeys,
 And in the rapid eddy plays;
 The frog has changed his yellow vest,
 And in a russet coat is dress'd;
 The sky is green, the air is still,
 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
 The dog, so alter'd in his taste,
 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast.
 Behold the rooks, how odd their flight,—
 They imitate the gliding kite,
 And seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball.
 The tender colts on back do lie,
 Nor heed the trav'ler passing by;
 In fiery red the sun did rise,
 Then wades through clouds to meet the skies.
 'T will surely rain—we see 't with sorrow,
 No working in the fields to-morrow."

In the winter, when the thermometer is between 34 and 40 degrees, the air being in a state of condensation, and the running water being warmer than the land, a mist or fog may be seen rising above the rivers, particularly when the air is cold and clear; but this vapor is no longer visible when the river is frozen.

Much anxious inquiry has been made as to the alleged connection of the moon with the weather. The follies of the ancients are identical with the follies of the astrologers. Gardeners and farmers have their favorite moons. M. Arago has admirably exposed all these criminal charges against the innocent moon.

But to the philosophic mind all objects in nature, whether animate or inanimate, may afford both amusement and instruction, particularly in meteorology; for in this science, as well as in everything else, nature opens her vast stores—her library and her laboratory are never closed, and we find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

JELLY-FISHES.

WE inscribe at the head of this paper the popular name of a class of beings, which, though simple in their organization, are full of interest to the zoologist, and attractive to the common observer from the singularity or beauty of their forms, and, in many cases, the brilliancy of their coloring. The ocean, throughout its wide extent, swarms with myriads of gelatinous creatures—some microscopic, some of large dimensions—which deck it with the gayest colors by day, and at night light up its dreary waste with "mimic fires," and make it glow and sparkle as if, like the heavens, it had its galaxies and constellations. These are the jelly-fishes, or sea-nettles, (*Acalephæ*), as they are often called, from the stinging properties with which some of them are endowed. The commoner forms are well known, for the beach is often strewn with the carcasses of the larger species. On fine days in summer and autumn, whole fleets of these strange voyagers appear off our coasts. Their umbrella-shaped, transparent disks, float gracefully through the calm water, and their long fishing-lines trail after them as they move onward. At times, multitudes, almost invisible to the naked eye, tenant every wave, and give it by night a crest of flame; while other kinds measure as much as a yard in diameter. The *Acalephæ* present the greatest variety of form and color, as well as of size; but they are all of the most delicate structure, frail, gelatinous, transparent. Some are so perfectly colorless, that their presence can with difficulty be detected in the water.

The following description by Professor E. Forbes, applies to a large proportion of the species:—"They are active in their habits, graceful in their motions, gay in their coloring, delicate as the finest membrane, transparent as the purest crystal." The poet Crabbe has characterized them well in the following passage:—

"These living jellies which the flesh inflame,
 Fierce as a nettle, and from that the name;
 Some in huge masses, some that you might bring
 In the small compass of a lady's ring;
 Figured by hand divine—there 's not a gem
 Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
 Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they
 glow,
 And make the moonbeam brighter where they
 flow."

The first thing that arrests our attention

in these creatures is the extreme delicacy and tenuity of their substance. The jelly-fish is chiefly made up of fluid. A quantity of water and a thin membranaceous film, these are its chief component parts. Professor Owen has ascertained that a large individual, weighing two pounds, when removed from the sea, will be represented, when the fluid which it contains is drained off, "by a thin film of membrane not exceeding thirty grains in weight." Naturalists have commonly described the jelly-fish as being little more than "coagulated water," and the description is correct.

And yet these masses of film and fluid, floating at the mercy of wind and wave, possess powers which we should hardly associate with so simple a structure, and can accomplish works of which we should little suspect them. Delicate and defenseless as they appear, they can capture fishes of large size, and digest them with ease and rapidity. Some of them are in truth formidable monsters. Professor E. Forbes gives the following humorous description of the destructive propensities of some medusæ which he had captured in the Zetland seas:—"Being kept," he says, "in a jar of salt-water with small crustacean, they devoured these animals, so much more highly organized than themselves, voraciously; apparently enjoying the destruction of the unfortunate members of the upper classes with a truly democratic relish. One of them even attacked and commenced the swallowing of a *Lizzia octopunctata*, quite as good a medusa as itself. An animal which can pout out its mouth twice the length of its body, and stretch its stomach to corresponding dimensions, must indeed be 'a triton among the minnows,' and a very terrific one too. Yet is this ferocious creature one of the most delicate and graceful of the inhabitants of the ocean—a very model of tenderness and elegance."

The jelly-fishes are all, in their adult state, locomotive beings. They float freely and incessantly through the ocean, either impelled by their own efforts, or driven by storm and billow. They for the most part frequent the open seas, and shun the shore, their delicate frames being endangered by the perennial strife between land and water. Being designed for constant motion, for the navigation of the great waters, their entire organization is adapted to such

a mode of life. We find among those ocean-floaters the greatest perfection and variety of locomotive apparatus; and they have been divided into sections, according to the modifications of this portion of structure which they exhibit. We shall endeavor to give a popular account of the leading peculiarities of each, and note the most interesting points in the history of the tribe.

In the first section, the animals are furnished with a disk or umbrella of varying shape, which serves as a float, beneath which hang certain processes connected with the functions of prehension and digestion. In this division are included some of the best-known forms. The creature, in this case, propels itself by the alternate contraction and expansion of its disk, thus striking the water, and driving itself forward. These movements take place at regular intervals, and serve a double purpose. They not only propel, but at the same time drive the water over the lower surface of the disk. Here is situated a complicated net-work of vessels, and the fluids of the body are thus exposed to the influence of oxygen, and receive the needed aëration. The stroke of the disk, therefore, is not only a locomotive, but also a respiratory act. The jelly-fishes of this section move as they breathe, and breathe as they move. Hence the name which has been given them—*Pulmonigrades*. We find the same admirable economy of resources among the lower animaleules. The cilia which propel them secure the aëration of the system.

It is evident that the motive apparatus in this section of the *Acalephæ* is but a feeble one. It only avails in calm weather. When the sea is agitated, the jelly-fish is driven helplessly along. It cannot choose its path. As its food, however, is everywhere abundant around it, and it has no business that should lead it in one direction more than another, there is no great hardship in this.

In this section are included some of the most beautiful, as well as common of the tribe. The forms of the umbrella are often most lovely, and present an astonishing variety. As an example of the beauty which they sometimes display, we may refer to a species which resembles an exquisitely-formed glass-shade, ornamented with a waved and tinted fringe. The most perfect grace of form, the transparency

of the crystal, and color as delicate as that of the flower, combine to render this frail being one of the loveliest of living things.

In another section, locomotion is effected by a modification of ciliary apparatus. We have a familiar example in the *Beroë* of our own seas, a most attractive little being, and a prime favorite with naturalists, who have described its habits and celebrated its beauty with enthusiasm. We shall not soon forget the delight with which we first made acquaintance with this graceful little rover. While rambling along the shore in quest of marine animals, our attention was arrested by a drop of the clearest jelly, as it seemed to be, lying on a mass of rock, from which the tide had but just receded. On transferring it to a phial of sea-water, its true nature was at once revealed to us. A globular body floated gracefully in the vessel, scarcely less transparent than the fluid which filled it. Presently it began to move up and down within its prison-house, and the paddles by means of which the *beroe* dances along its ocean-path were distinctly visible. These paddles are nothing more nor less than cilia of a peculiar kind, ranged in eight bands upon the surface of the body. They are set in motion at the will of the animal, and their incessant strokes propel it swiftly through the water. By stopping some of its paddles, and keeping others in play, the *beroe* can change its course at pleasure, and so wander "at its own sweet will," through the trackless waste. Beauty waits upon the course of this little crystal globe. The grace and sprightliness of its movements must strike the commonest observer. As the sunlight falls upon its cilia, they are "tinted with the most lovely iridescent colors;" and at night they flash forth phosphoric light, as though the little creature were giving a saucy challenge to the stars.

The *beroe* is a most active being, its habits conforming to the organization with which it is endowed. Such an array of paddles prophesies of a mercurial temperament and an energetic character. It can, however, anchor itself and lie by when occasion offers. It is provided with two long cables, prettily set with spiral filaments or tendrils, by means of which it can make fast to any point. When not in use, it can retract them, and stow them away in two *sacs* or pouches within the body, where they may be seen coiled up,

through the transparent walls. The mouth is a simple opening at one pole of the globular body. No arms are needed. The *beroe* is spared the labor and uncertainty of the chase. As it dances gayly along, streams of water, bearing nutritive particles, pass through the orifice into its stomach.

In this creature, as in many of the lower animals, there is a remarkable power of retaining vitality after the most serious injuries; nay, in portions actually severed from the body, it will continue for some time. Mr. Patterson, in his excellent *Introduction to Zoology*, mentions that on one occasion he divided a fragment of the body of a *beroe*, lately taken from the shore and shattered by a storm, "into portions so minute that one piece of skin had but two cilia attached to it, yet the vibration of these organs continued for nearly a couple of days afterward!" But we must leave the *beroe*, charmer though it be.

Another member of this section—the *Ciliograde acalaphæ*, as they are called—is the Girdle of Venus, which resembles a ribbon in form, and is sometimes five or six feet in length, covered with cilia, and brilliantly phosphorescent. This must be one of the most beautiful of the *fireworks* of the ocean.

The jelly-fishes of another section are furnished with one or more air-bags, which assist them in swimming, and hence bear the name of *hydrostatic acalaphæ*. In the Portuguese man-of-war, (*Physalia*), the bag is large, and floats conspicuously on the surface of the water. From the top of it rises a purple crest, which acts as a sail, and by its aid the little voyager scuds gayly before the wind. But should danger threaten—should some hungry, piratical monster in quest of a dinner heave in sight, or the blast grow furious—the float is at once compressed, through two minute orifices at the extremities a portion of the air escapes, and down goes the little craft to the tranquil depths, leaving the storm or the pirate behind. In one species, (*Cuvieria*), the floats are numerous and prettily ranged round the margin of the body. Resting on these, the creature casts about its long fishing-lines, and arrests the passing prey.

One more section remains to be noticed. The jelly-fishes which belong to it have a rudimentary skeleton—a plate which supports the soft, circular body. From the

lower part of the body hang numerous tentacles, (*cirri*), amidst which the mouth is placed. Probably these multitudinous arms assist in locomotion; and hence the name of the family, *Cirrigrades*. Among the creatures of this division we meet with some very interesting locomotive apparatus. There are some of them by no means obliged to trust to their oars alone—they have also sails. The *Velella*, large fleets of which visit our seas at times, has a plate (the mast) rising from its bluish disk or deck, covered with a delicate membrane (the sail) of snowy whiteness, by means of which it traverses the ocean. This sail, it has been noticed, "is set at the same angle as the lateen-sail" of the Malays. We cannot doubt that it is admirably suited to its purpose, and the Malays may be proud of having nature as a voucher for their contrivance.

We find in another species a still more perfect rigging. In it (*Rataria*) the crest is supplied with muscular bands, by means of which the sail can be lowered or raised at pleasure. These adaptations of structure are full of interest. Nothing can be more admirable than the sailing-gear of these little creatures. They have to traverse the surface of the ocean amidst all diversities of weather. Paddles alone would not suffice for them. They must be enabled to take advantage of the winds. Sails, therefore, are added, and the mightiest agents in nature are commissioned to speed the little voyagers on their way.

We have already mentioned that some of the jelly-fishes possess the power of stinging. Only a few of the larger species, however, seem to be thus endowed; and the name sea-nettle is by no means applicable to the class as a whole. The poisonous fluid which produces the irritating effect on the skin, and no doubt paralyzes the creatures upon which the jelly-fish feeds, is secreted by the arms. By means of its poison-bearing tentacles, the soft, gelatinous medusa is more than a match for the armed crustacean and the scale-clad fish. We take from Professor Forbes the following graphic description of one of the stinging species:—"The *Cyanea capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disk, often a full foot or more across, it flaps its way

through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of ribbon-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when its body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing "hair," the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no contest with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons severed from their parent body vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack."

We now approach the most extraordinary portion of the history of these creatures. Recent investigations have brought to light the most interesting facts respecting their reproduction and development. It is now known that the young jelly-fish passes through a series of transformations before reaching its perfect state.

At certain seasons, eggs are produced within the body of the parent in appropriate ovaries, where they are retained for a time. They are then transferred to a kind of marsupial pouch, analogous to that of the kangaroo, where their development proceeds. After passing through certain changes here, the egg issues from the maternal pouch as an oval body, clothed with cilia—an animalcule in external aspect, and as unlike its parent as can well be imagined. For a while the little creature dances freely through the water, and leads a gay, roving life; but at last it prepares to "settle;" selects a fitting locality; applies one extremity of its body to the surface of stone or weed, and becomes attached. And now another change passes over it. The cilia, no longer needed, disappear. A mouth is developed at the upper extremity of the body, furnished with a number of arms. Gradually this number increases, and the jelly-fish now appears in the disguise of a polype, which feeds voraciously on the members of the class from which it has itself so lately emerged. At this point there is a halt. The medusa remains in its polype state for some months. At the expiration of this term, a strange alteration in its ap-

pearance begins to take place. Rings are formed round its body, from ten to fifteen in number. These gradually deepen, until at length it is literally cut up into a number of segments, which rest one upon the other—their upper margins becoming elevated, and divided into eight lobes. It is, in fact, a pile of cup-shaped pieces, very loosely connected together. A little later, these pieces free themselves successively, and the sedate polype disappears in a company of sprightly young medusæ. These beings, indeed, still differ in some respects from the adult animal; but the differences gradually vanish, and we have the perfect jelly-fish as the final result of this extraordinary series of transformations.

The *Acalephæ* are the principal agents concerned in the production of the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence. The minute species—mere gelatinous specks—swarm at times by countless myriads in the waters of the ocean, and make its surface glow with "vitalized fire." The waves, as they curl and break, sparkle and flash forth light, and the track of the moving ship is marked by a lustrous line. "In the torrid zones between the tropics," says Humboldt, "the ocean simultaneously develops light over a space of many thousand square miles. Here the magical effect of light is owing to the forces of organic nature. Foaming with light, the eddying waves flash in phosphorescent sparks over the wide expanse of waters, where every scintillation is the vital manifestation of an invisible animal world." Beneath the surface larger forms are seen, brilliantly illuminated, and lighting up the mystic depths of the sea. Fiery balls and flaming ribbons shoot past; and submarine moons shine with a soft and steady light amidst the crowd of meteors. "While sailing a little south of the Plata on one very dark night," says Mr. Darwin, "the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. There was a fresh breeze; and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright; and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the vault of the heavens." Even in our own seas very

beautiful displays of phosphorescence may be witnessed. On fine summer nights, a soft, tender light plays round the boat as it moves onward, and the oars drop liquid fire. For how much of beauty are we indebted to these living specks of jelly!

Of the extreme minuteness of some of the species, an idea may be formed from the fact, that one hundred and ten thousand might be contained in a cubic foot of water. We can say nothing with certainty as to the cause of the phosphorescence of the medusæ, and shall not trouble our readers with mere speculations.

The jelly-fishes furnish us with a striking illustration of the profusion of life in the ocean. Provision has indeed been made for securing in all the realms of our globe the largest possible amount of sentient being, and consequently of happiness. And to each tribe a definite part is assigned—a special mission is intrusted. None can be spared from the economy of nature. The shoals of microscopic medusæ store up in their own tissues the minute portions of nutritious matter diffused through the waters, and supply food for the support of higher organisms. All the tribes of animated beings are dependent one upon another. That the greatest may enjoy its existence and fulfill its work, the least must hold its place and discharge its function. They co-operate unconsciously to secure the unity and harmony of a system which is designed to promote alike the interests of each and all of them.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words: the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save that from corruption.

MY FIRST BRIEF.

I HAD been at Westminster, and was slowly returning to my "parlor near the sky," in Plowden Buildings, in no very enviable frame of mind. Another added to the long catalogue of unemployed days and sleepless nights. It was now four years since my call to the bar, and notwithstanding a constant attendance in the courts, I had hitherto failed in gaining business. During my pupilage I had read hard, and devoted every energy to the mastery of a difficult profession, and ever since that period I had pursued a rigid course of study. And this was the result, that at the age of thirty I was still wholly dependent for my livelihood on the somewhat slender means of a widowed mother. Ah! reader, if as you ramble through the pleasant Temple Gardens, on some fine summer evening, enjoying the cool river breeze, and looking up at those half-monastic retreats, in which life would seem to glide along so calmly, if you could prevail upon some good-natured Asmodeus to show you the secrets of the place, how your mind would shudder at the long silent suffering endured within its precincts. What blighted hopes and crushed aspirations, what absolute privation and heart-rending sorrow, what genius killed and health utterly broken down! Could the private history of the Temple be written, it would prove one of the most interesting, but, at the same time, one of the most mournful books ever given to the public.

I was returning, as I said, from Westminster, and wearily enough I paced along the busy streets, exhausted by the stifling heat of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, in which I had been patiently sitting since ten o'clock, vainly waiting for that "occasion sudden" of which our old law-writers are so full. Moodily, too, I was revolving in my mind our narrow circumstances, and the poor hopes I had of mending them; so that it was with no hearty relish I turned into the Cock Tavern, in order to partake of my usual frugal dinner. Having listlessly dispatched it, I sauntered into the garden, glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the mighty town; and throwing myself on a seat in one of the summer-houses, watched, almost mechanically, the rapid river boats puffing up and down the Thames, with their gay crowds of holiday-makers covering the

decks, the merry children romping over the trim grass-plot, making the old place echo again with their joyous ringing laughter. I must have been in a very desponding humor that evening, for I continued sitting there unaffected by the mirth of the glad little creatures around me, and I scarcely remember another instance of my being proof against the infectious high spirits of children. Time wore on, and the promenaders, one after the other, left the garden, the steamboats became less frequent, and gradually lights began to twinkle from the bridges and the opposite shore. Still I never once thought of removing from my seat, until I was requested to do so by the person in charge of the grounds, who was now going round to lock the gates for the night. Staring at the man for a moment half unconsciously, as if suddenly awaked out of a dream, I muttered a few words about having forgotten the lateness of the hour, and departed. To shake off the depression under which I was laboring, I turned into the brilliantly-lighted streets, thinking that the excitement would distract my thoughts from their gloomy objects; and after walking for some little time, I entered a coffee-house, at that period much frequented by young lawyers. Here I ordered a cup of tea, and took up a newspaper to read; but after vainly endeavoring to interest myself in its pages, and feeling painfully affected by the noisy hilarity of some gay young students in a neighboring box, I drank off my sober beverage, and walked home to my solitary chambers. O, how dreary they appeared that night!—how desolate seemed the uncomfortable, dirty, cold staircase, and that remarkable want of all sorts of conveniences, for which the Temple has acquired so great a notoriety! In fine, I was fairly hipped; and being convinced of the fact, smoked a pipe or two, thought over old days and their vanished joys, and retired to rest. I soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I awoke in the morning much refreshed; and sallying forth after breakfast with greater alacrity than usual, took my seat in court, and was beginning to grow interested in a somewhat intricate case which involved some curious legal principles, when my attention was directed to an old man, whom I had frequently seen there before, beckoning to me. I immediately followed him out of court, when he turned round

and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. —, for interrupting you, but I fancy you are not very profitably engaged just now?"

I smiled, and told him he had stated a melancholy truth.

"I thought so," answered he with a twinkle of his bright gray eye. "Now"—and he subdued his voice to a whisper—"I can put a little business into your hands. No thanks, sir," said he, hastily checking my expressions of gratitude, "no thanks; you owe me no thanks; and as I am a man of few words, I will at once state my meaning. For many years I have been in the habit of employing Mr. —," (naming an eminent practitioner,) "and feeling no great love for the profession, intrusted all my business to him, and cared not to extend my acquaintance with the members of the bar. Well, sir, I have an important case coming on next week, and as bad luck will have it, T——'s clerk has just brought me back the brief, with the intelligence that his master is suddenly taken dangerously ill, and cannot possibly attend to any business. Here I was completely flung, not knowing whom to employ in this affair. I at length remembered having noticed a studious-looking young man, who generally sat taking notes of the various trials. I came to court in order to see whether this youth was still at his ungrateful task, when my eyes fell upon you. Yes, young man, I had intended once before rewarding you for your patient industry, and now I have an opportunity of fulfilling those intentions. Do you accept the proposal?"

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried I, pressing his proffered hand with much emotion, quite unable to conceal my joy.

"It is as I thought," muttered he to himself, turning to depart. Then suddenly looking up, he requested my address, and wished me good-morning.

How I watched the receding form of the stranger! how I scanned over his odd little figure! and how I loved him for his great goodness! I could remain no longer in court. The interesting property case had lost all its attractions; so I slipped off my wig and gown, and hastened home to set my house in order for the expected visit. After completing all the necessary arrangements, I took down a law-book and commenced reading, in order to beguile away the time. Two, three o'clock arrived, and still no tidings of my client: I

began almost to despair of his coming, when some one knocked at the outer door, and on opening it I found the old man's clerk with a huge packet of papers in his hand, which he gave me, saying his master would call the following morning. I clutched the papers eagerly, and turned them admiringly over and over. I read my name on the back, Mr. —, six guineas. My eyes, I feel sure, must have sparkled at the golden vision. Six guineas! I could scarcely credit my good-fortune. After the first excitement had slightly calmed down, I drew a chair to the table, and looked at the labor before me. I found that it was a much entangled Chancery suit, and would require all the legal ability I could muster to conquer its details. I therefore set myself vigorously to work, and continued at my task until the first gray streak of dawn warned me to desist. Next day I had an interview with the old solicitor, and rather pleased him by my industry in the matter. Well, the week slipped by, and everything was in readiness for the approaching trial. All had been satisfactorily arranged between myself and leader, a man of considerable acumen, and the eventful morning at length arrived. I had passed a restless night, and felt rather feverish, but was determined to exert myself to the utmost, as, in all probability, my future success hung on the way I should acquit myself that day of my duty. The approaching trial was an important one, and had already drawn some attention. I therefore found the court rather crowded, particularly by an unusual number of "the unemployed bar," who generally throng to hear a maiden-speech. Two or three ordinary cases stood on the cause-list before mine, and I was anxiously waiting their termination, when my client whispered in my ear: "Mr. S—— (the Queen's counsel in the case) has this instant sent down to say, he finds it will be impossible for him to attend to-day, as he is peremptorily engaged before the House of Lords. The common dodge of these gentry," continued he in a disrespectful tone. "They never find that it will be impossible to attend so long as the *honorarium* is unpaid; afterward—Bah! Mere robbery, sir,—taking the money and shirking the work. However, as we cannot help ourselves, you must do the best you can alone, for I fear the judge will not postpone the trial any

longer. Keep your nerves steady, and all will go well." I need not say it required all his persuasion to enable me to pluck up sufficient courage to fight the battle, deserted as I now found myself by my leader; still, I resolved to make the attempt. Presently the awful moment arrived, and I rose in a state of intense trepidation. The judge seeing a stranger about to conduct the case, put his glass up to his eye, in order the better to make himself acquainted with my features, and at the same time demanded my name. I shall never forget the agitation of that moment. I literally shook as I heard the sound of my own voice answering his question. I felt that a hundred eyes were upon me, ready to ridicule any blunder I might commit, and even now half enjoying my nervousness. For a minute I was so dizzy and confused that I found it utterly impossible to proceed; but, warned by the deep-toned voice of the magistrate that the court was waiting for me, I made a desperate effort at self-control, and commenced. A dead quiet prevailed as I opened the case, and for a few minutes I went on scarcely knowing what I was about, when I was suddenly interrupted by the vice-chancellor asking me a question. This timely little incident in some measure tended to restore my self-possession, and I found I got on afterward much more comfortably; and, gradually warming with the subject, which I thoroughly understood, finally lost all trepidation, and brought my speech to a successful close. It occupied at least two hours, and when I sat down the judge smiled, and paid a compliment to the ability with which he was pleased to say I had conducted the process, whilst at least a dozen hands were held out to congratulate on his success the poor lawyer whom they had passed by in silent contempt a hundred times before. So runs life. Had I failed through nervousness, or any other accident, derisive laughter would have greeted my misfortune. As it was, I began to have troops of friends. To be brief, I won the day, and from that lucky circumstance rose rapidly into practice.

Years rolled on, and I gradually became a marked man in the profession, gaining in due time that summit of a junior's ambition—a silk gown. I now began to live in a style of considerable comfort, and was what the world calls a very rising

lawyer, when I one day happened to be retained as counsel in a political case then creating much excitement. I chanced to be on the popular side; and, from the exertions I made, found myself suddenly brought into contact with the leading men of the party in the town where the dispute arose. They were so well satisfied with my endeavors to gain the cause, as to offer to propose me as a candidate for the representation of their borough at the next vacancy. This proposition, after some consideration, I accepted; and, accordingly, when the general election took place, found myself journeying down to D—, canvassing the voters, flattering some, consoling others, using the orthodox electioneering tricks of platform-speaking, treating, &c. Politics ran very high just then, and the two parties were nearly balanced, so that every nerve was strained on each side to win the victory. All business was suspended. Bands of music paraded the streets, party flags waved from the house windows, whilst gay rosettes, fastened to the button-hole, attested their wearer's opinions. All was noise, and excitement, and confusion. At length the important hour drew near for closing the polling-booths. Early in the morning we were still in a slight minority, and almost began to despair of the day. All now depended on a few voters living at some distance, whose views could not be clearly ascertained. Agents from either side had been dispatched during the night to heat up these stragglers, and on their decision rested the final issue. Hour after hour anxiously passed without any intelligence. My opponents rubbed their hands, and looked pleasant, when, about half an hour before the close of the poll, a dusty coach drove rapidly into the town, and eight men, more or less inebriated, rolled out to record their votes. The following morning, amidst the stillness of deep suspense, the mayor read the result of the election, which gave me a majority of three. Such a shout of joy arose from the liberals as quite to drown the hisses of the contending faction; and at length I rose, flushed with excitement, to return thanks. This proved the signal for another burst of applause; and amid the shouting and groaning, screaming and waving of hats, I lost all presence of mind, and fell overcome into the arms of my nearest supporters. * * *

"Dear me, sir, you've been wandering strangely in your sleep. Here have I been a-knocking at the door this half-hour. The shaving-water is getting cold, and Mr. Thomas is waiting yonder in the other room, to give you some papers he's got this morning."

I rose, rubbed my eyes, wondered what it all meant. Ah, yes; there was no mistaking the room and Mrs. McDonnell's good-natured Scotch voice. It was all a dream, and my imagination had magnified the thumping at the door into the "sweet music of popular applause." I fell back in bed, hid my face in the pillow, sighed over my short-lived glory, and felt very wretched when my young clerk came smiling into the room. "Here's some business at last, sir!" cried the boy with pleasure.

To his astonishment I looked carelessly at the papers, and found they consisted of "a motion of course," which some tender-hearted attorney had kindly sent me. Heigh-ho! it was all to be done over again! I flung the document on the ground in utter despair; but gradually recovering my temper, I at length took heart, and fell earnestly to work. At all events this was a *real* beginning; so I began to grow reconciled to the ruin of my stately castle of cards. It was a cruel blow, though; and now, reader, you have learned how I came by MY FIRST BRIEF.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER—A LESSON FOR WIVES.

A GENTLEMAN holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning toward her husband, she whispered to him:—

"I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the

husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now quite near the custom-house; hasten and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it," said the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travelers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmier, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a

person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage-vail.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of his wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offense was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN— LOUIS XIV.

WHEN Augustus Cæsar was dying, at the end of a long reign, full of important action and wise moderation, he called to his courtiers who stood by his pillow, and, with a dramatic and well-understood allusion, inquired if he had performed his part well? He was told that he had. "Applaud me then," was the demand of the dying monarch.

The sentiment is capable of translation into a higher and a Christian sense. Every man's life is a performance; the death of each is the close of a real drama; and the approach of the termination suggests the inquiry propounded before all witnessing beings, seen or unseen, whether the actor has performed his part well. It is for One alone, however, who has watched the process through all its most secret movements, to answer the question with the emphasis of a judicial sentence; and the great inquiry which ought to mold the whole aspect and habits of a man's life is—will He applaud in that solemn hour?

There is no scene in which such a question can be more pertinent than one familiar to every inhabitant of Paris, and to every visitor of that capital—the mag-

nificent palace built by Louis XIV. at Versailles. If the external and material—if stone and paint and varnish—can convey the idea of royalty, there it is abundantly realized. The architect has left a building which, though by no means perfect, produces, by its vastness and magnificence, a certain impression of grandeur on the mind. Stately terraces, wide and broad avenues, groups of statuary, and all the varieties possible of glittering fountains, attest the skill of the landscape gardener. The stately and self-loving monarch who planned and commanded this abode, saw his manly and noble form continually reflected in the lines of mirrors at his side, or exhibited among the ranks of immortals above his head. It was nothing that multitudes of lives were wasted in the difficulties of achieving the building and its adornments; the result was a palace worthy of the presence of a mighty king; and, so long as certain exploits of war and heroism went to make up the complement of his falsely named glory, courtiers and monarch were fain to forget the wasted treasures, the hecatombs of human lives, the undermined nations, the desolating wars, denying peace to all Europe, which followed in its train. The monarch who glittered on these walls as Mars, who bore upon his panels the emblem of the rising sun, whom nobles envied and sovereigns praised, had gained, in that hollow name of glory, all for which he lived; and during the greater part of his life, the theatrical pageant passed off with unbounded applause, overpowering the expressions of the detestation of some and the agonized groans of many more.

It is with far different feelings, however, that the spectator of more modern times walks across the deserted and darkened theatre. In vain he asks, as of other dramas, to what purpose, except that which was evil, all these gorgeous means and appliances were tending? Where now are the actors, and what was the worthy part the mass of them performed? The beautiful, the gay, the brave, the proud, the self-convicted magnets of popular attention, the high and mighty heroes, whose laurels were besprinkled with the blood of men—where are they now, and where is the applause for which they struggled and panted? It is as if the spirit of another royal preacher walked through these halls, proclaiming anew,

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" Posterity has passed its sentence; it is not that of approval.

Among the scenes exhibited to the stranger in this luxurious palace, are some of special interest. In the midst of a long gallery, lined throughout with mirrors, and exhibiting on its ceiling the most fulsome adulation which a mythological pencil could paint, a side door opens upon the private apartments of the monarch, at whose proud bidding all this fairy structure arose. A jealous care has treasured here many personal memorials of the past. The table on which *Le Grand Monarque* transacted his business, and around which he assembled his council; the confessional where he unbosomed his heart—miserable compound that it was of vice and superstition—to his favorite confessor, whom yet he could not trust without having within sight a guard with a drawn sword; the private chambers from which issued the cruel edicts which exterminated spiritual religion from the soil of France, are yet to be seen. One room, especially, is remarkable. It is the bedchamber of the monarch, still existing as it did when that long and wearisome train of ceremonial labored to elevate the thing of dust into a deity, and when the proudest humbled themselves to catch a passing glance of favor on each successive day from the king's bedside. Within these walls was enacted the longest performance which the annals of royalty have recorded; the attire was perfect; the step of the leading actor majestic; the decorations of the scene in the highest degree superb; there was no lack of incidents, such as men love to witness and to record; and it was within the room which we are now visiting that the curtain fell.

Death came heavily and unwelcomely upon that infirm old man. As it drew near, it seemed as if he would not die. He met its summons by proclaiming a grand review, at which his painted face and patched form were exhibited to give the lie to the current rumors of his approaching end. In vain. The exertion hastened the crisis; fatigued, exhausted, almost inanimate, he was borne from the parade to the couch on which he died. His moribund state, however, relaxed not a single observance of the usual rigorous ceremonial. The pomp of the court clustered around the chamber which none dared to

enter, except at a special summons from the dying sovereign. It was a deeply affecting scene. Age, bereavement, reverses, had borne heavily on the last years of the monarch's life, till the pressure from without, and the severer self-reproach from within, had changed him into a morose old man, from whose presence even his nearest companions shrunk with ennui and disgust. He had long outlived his gaiety, his conquests, his children and himself. Around his last scene were carried on the most violent intrigues. There might be witnessed the efforts of some to induce the dying monarch to remember their claims with his last breath, and to alter his will in their favor; and, on the other hand, the opposition of those interested in preserving intact the arrangements they knew him to have made. There might be seen the heretofore neglected Duke of Orleans receiving a sudden overflow of homage from a parasitical court, because it was known that he had been nominated as the future Regent; to be forsaken again, when a bold empiric declared himself able to cure the royal malady. But a real regret at the monarch's state was scarcely to be discovered, except among the menial servants, to whom he had been usually an indulgent master. Even his wife, *Madame de Maintenon*, shrunk from him who had elevated her to be his companion, though he had denied her the rights of a queen; and, amidst the scene of death, was busy in gathering together her moveables, and securing her precious property and interests. How was it possible that sentiments of true regard could accompany the death-bed of one, by whose life morals had been outraged, public treasures exhausted, human life counted as an insignificant bauble, and a great nation brought so low, that the wisest financiers turned with a shudder from the dark future? "That man," said his most trusted female friend, "has never loved any one but himself."

On one day, there were summoned within the walls of that dying room the heads of Louis's splendid court. Uniforms and jewels blazed upon their wearers, and the magnificence of the scene presented an awful contrast to the appearance of the departing old man before whom all this array had been summoned, and to the words which nobles had been called to-

gether to hear. The pomp and glory of the world could conceal from no eye the dreariness of the monarch's spirit. "Gentlemen, I desire your pardon for the bad example I have set you." * * * "Farewell, gentlemen: I feel that this parting has affected not only myself, but you also. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." The courtiers rose, and slowly disappeared, and a long pause of ominous silence followed. It was only broken by the king's addressing the child who was to be his future successor. "My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me in my taste for building, or in my love for war. Strive to relieve the burdens of the people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail; render to God that which you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects." Two days after, a somewhat similar scene was repeated, when the most arbitrary and self-willed of despots said before his nobles:—"If I have erred, my guides (referring more especially to his confessors) must answer before God, whom I call to witness this assertion."

As the king's disorder advanced, an amputation of one of his limbs, which had already mortified, was proposed by his physicians. "Will the operation prolong my life?" was the demand. He was told it might for days, or even for weeks. "If that be all, the result will not be equal to the suffering. God's will be done." He now took leave of the members of his family, made his last dispositions, and began to speak of his reign as already past, saying, "When I was king." One incident recorded of his last hours indicated still "the ruling passion strong in death." Observing some of his attendants in tears, he said, "Why do you weep? Did you imagine that I was immortal?"

Nothing marks man's humiliation more than the manner in which certain effects survive their authors. Within that proud palace which his hands had reared, every wall of which contained some memorial of his disastrous exploits, Louis XIV. at length lay, an insignificant mass of unconscious clay. When his remains were borne to the church, and laid down in the midst of those assembled nobles who had once trembled at his lightest word, and paid homage to him whom they designated Louis the Great, what force there was in

the opening words of Massillon's oration, as he bent his eyes upon the bier, and then fixed them mournfully upon his electrified audience—"My brethren, God alone is great!"

Such was the fall of the curtain upon one who had filled a proud niche in Europe's temple of fame, but who died amid the shivering ruins of his own structure of heartless vanity, leaving contemporaries to forget the name of hero in that of an unfortunate and insupportable old man, posterity to adapt

"The name at which the world turn'd pale
To point a moral and adorn a tale,"

and the Christian man to shudder at the heights of worldly ambition, and to pity and mourn over the degradation of its inevitable downfall. Who will applaud?

We have referred already to the grandson of Louis XIV., as he stood in this apartment at Versailles to receive the last injunctions of his dying grandfather. It had been well for him, if some part of them had not only been inscribed above his youthful pillow, as they were, but in his practical memory. He had indeed no taste for war, and little for buildings; but the advice which regarded morality, piety, and concern for his people was disastrously repudiated. His life was that of a most debauched and shameless libertine; his death, one of the terrible chapters of modern history.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the disgraceful incidents of this insufferable reign. Its close was in most consistent keeping with its general character, and was superinduced by the vices for which he was disgracefully notorious. The immediate complaint was small-pox, and it is unnecessary to remind the reader that, before the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, that disease was the scourge of Europe in general, and that its effects had been disastrously felt in many royal courts. Within the suite of apartments of which we have spoken, though not precisely in that occupied by Louis XIV., did his debauched and degraded successor lay him down to die. Swollen, disfigured, disgusting in personal appearance, with putrid influences pervading the palace, so that more than fifty of the courtiers became disordered, and many died, the monarch approaches his dreaded end. Only the king's daughters, with one degrading

exception, minister to the sick-bed, and they more from duty than from love. Terror seizes the whole court at the contagious nature of the disease; and if prayers are offered, it is, that the fearful scene may soon terminate. The curtain is falling; let us step behind it before it drops.

On that couch lies all that remains of a once petted and applauded monarch of France; whose life, when in his early reign threatened with assassination, was regarded as so important to the welfare of his subjects, that they prayed for him as "Louis the well-beloved." There are no sighs nor prayers now; the lease of love is long since worn out! Subjects are weary of his extravagant rule; virtue shudders at his name. No man ever more dreaded to die. Though he sometimes, in very morbidness, visited graves and sepulchers, he was ordinarily impatient of the slightest hint on the subject of his own death. It was, however, come at last, and every foul thought which the hot-bed of his own depravity had engendered, gibbered round him like specters, in his dying hour.

The scene was equally remarkable and disgraceful. Two opposite court parties fought almost at his bedside for preëminence—the one contending that the king's danger was imminent, and that the last offices of religion ought to be forthwith performed; the other maintaining that the crisis was not yet alarming, fearing lest the guilty minions of his vices should be dismissed from the court. Accordingly, one party endeavored to re-assure the monarch, and the other to work upon his fears. One speaks of confession and the sacraments; the other threatens personal chastisement if such a word be uttered in the monarch's hearing. But the king becomes himself aware that his case is desperate. He demands his confessor, and utters, at the dictation of the Grand Almoner, that which was called *amende honorable* to his court. "Although the king is bound to answer for himself to God only, he declares that he repents of the scandals he may have caused to his subjects, and that he desires only to live for the sustenance of religion, and the happiness of his people." Poor miserable monarch! Hast thou no ampler repentance for the outrages of an ill-spent life?—no hope better than that which arises

from the administration of the sacraments in a dying hour by the Grand Almoner? Nothing more worthy of confidence is at least recorded. Courtiers, booted and spurred, await in awful silence the close of the drama. Favorites have departed amid the execrations of those who remain. The king's ante-chamber is crowded by anxious multitudes, who await in impatient silence the last intelligence. It is over. The noise of a thundering body of courtiers, rushing in haste to pay their respects to the new monarch, proclaim to the Dauphin and Dauphiness that their predecessor had ceased to reign. The lifeless remains are left in the solitude of the palace, unattended, unwept; and so falls the curtain upon almost the last of the kings of France!

Reader, who hast before thee thine own passing away from the stage of life, despise not the admonition that the curtain will close on thee! Neglect not the only means whereby thy last end may become happy and dignified. Thy bark will only ride safely in the storms of a dying hour as it is anchored on the hope furnished by the gospel of Jesus Christ. The renewed heart, the holy life, the active obedience, all based on the promise of salvation by faith, will alone afford thee comfort then. The constant death unto sin is the only pledge of an eternal life to blessedness.

VALUE OF TIME.—Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at four. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief." Ur-sinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library: "Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away." The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet: "My time is my estate." The favorite maxim of Shakespeare was:—"Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping." "Friends are the real robbers of time," said Lord Byron.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From the German Fest-Kalender.

A SONG, a song, keep singing,
Of heaven-attempt'd strain!
Of Him who balm is bringing
To cleanse our deadly stain!
Of princes, gold, and gifts, O sing,
And shepherds waiting on their King!

A star in east hath risen,
Beheld by sages' eyes;
Long groped they, as in prison,
Until they saw it rise:
When first they mark'd its radiant light,
They wept for joy, and blest the sight.

With thanks to God low bending,
They saw night's horrors fade,
And watch'd the sign ascending,
For which so long they pray'd,—
That light of lights, whose rising ray
Gave promise of eternal day.

Wake up! wake up! they shouted,
And call'd a royal train;
They never fear'd, or doubted,
That hope was but in vain:
The star before them beaming went,
Until before their Lord they bent.

O'er many a hill and valley,
And stream renown'd they pass'd;
Until their train they rally,
By Bethlehem's gates at last:
With hymn and song they cheer'd the way,
Still guided by the orient ray.

O'er many a palace towering,
In pomp it journey'd on;
O'er castles, darkly lowering,
And cities vast, it shone:
Where pride and prosperous sin abound,
The humble babe can ne'er be found.

O Bethlehem, thou lowly,
Yet highly-favor'd place!
As told by prophets holy,

The star now stays its pace,
And rests o'er thee, for to the cry
Of poverty the Lord is nigh.

'T was o'er a manger's dwelling,
Arose a heavenly strain;
From earth and heaven swelling,
All join'd the blest refrain,
To sing the glories of the Child,
Now sleeping with his mother mild.

The sages, lowly bowing
Before their mighty King,
All reverence are showing
For him who deign'd to fling
His royal robes aside, to save
Our race from Satan and the grave.
Their precious gifts outpouring,
They spread them at his feet,
The infant King adoring,
With gold and incense meet,

Homage of hearts that were his own,
Homage with lowly worship shown.
All other gifts transcending,
They brought their best—the
heart;

In that one offering
blending
Gems rarer far than
art:
Their blest exam-
ple let us feel,
And with like holy
homage kneel.





SAMUEL HOPKINS, D.D.

HISTORY, at long intervals, records a period of which it may be truly said "there were giants in the earth in those days." Such periods has the history of literature in the Augustan ages of Rome and England; such in arms were the eras of Cæsar and Napoleon. And while troublous wars rocked New-England's infancy, first assailed by the ruthless savage, then by those who should have been protectors, her mighty men arose. A truly great mind will be felt in whatever direction it may exert its energies. Such an intellect as that of Edwards or Hopkins, if turned to war, would scorn a lesser aim than Alexander's or Napoleon's. Had human glory been its object, it would have been satisfied with nothing short of the loftiest eminence. The genius of the Puritan mind was a religious one, and mind can desire no nobler field for the exertion of its powers than the investigation of God's great truths.

The influence which Dr. Hopkins exerted upon his time, was one of no ordinary extent and power. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail respecting his theological doctrines, his name is historical among us, and his elevated character and greatness of intellect entitle him to a place in a biographical series which, like this, is designed to represent impartially the leading minds of different sects. For a long period prior to his day, lax doctrines and practices had been creeping into the Churches founded by the Puritans. Against these defections, Jonathan Edwards contended; and under his instruction, Samuel Hopkins prepared for the ministry.

He was intellectually a match for any of his cotemporaries, and they were men of might. His mind was naturally adapted to theological pursuits. It delighted to expatiate on the vast and illimitable, and was remarkable, less for acuteness than

for comprehensiveness. His character was colossal in its strength, and he was fearless of opposition. Indeed, he seemed rather to provoke and brave it in the cause of what he considered to be the truth.

Though the number is probably small who adopt his peculiar theory of the divine agency, yet his writings have exerted a wide influence upon the theology of his age and country. His views of man's natural ability and of disinterested benevolence have been extensively received by those who reject other of his tenets. He was a champion for true conversion, as a necessary qualification for Church membership and Christian ordinances; and in advocating it, he encountered a strong tide of opposition from the lax views then prevailing, and which subsequently opened the floodgates of error upon the Churches of New-England. Without receiving his peculiar views of theology, or implying any disrespect for those who reject them, we may admire the boldness and vigor with which he maintained and defended the convictions of his own mind. Moral honesty was a part of his nature, and he never hesitated to avow his convictions and principles, however odious they might be to the multitude.

The inquisitiveness for which Dr. Hopkins is said to have been proverbial, entered into his theological investigations. He took up the word of God with a spirit of hopeful study, confident that new light would be cast upon its sacred pages. And this spirit of inquiry he encouraged in others.

Such a man—so restless in his inquiries after truth, so open in acknowledging his convictions, so firm in upholding and brave in defending them—could not be without great influence. His whole life was a battle, and that with no puny antagonists. Many prominent men of the New-England Churches were arrayed against him, and misrepresentation multiplied enemies. Yet to the last he held his creed unshaken, and after sustaining it against the attacks of half a century, published it in extreme age, "without a single attempt to subdue its offensive features, or to win patronage or renown." Such a life is worthy of history.

At the age of twenty-two, the student left his theological pursuits, and the ennobling society of President Edwards's family, to enter upon an active ministry. An uncommon number of invitations to

settlement awaited him. We should, perhaps, expect to find him in a community of educated and meditative men, endeavoring to win them to the system of doctrine then forming in his own mind. But no; he chose a missionary field.

In a region, then wild and uncultivated, on the frontiers of American civilization, exposed to the attacks of the savage, lay the town of Housatonic, now called Great Barrington. It contained but thirty families, and there were but six other settlements in Berkshire County. Often the yeomen went to "meeting" with their guns shouldered, and occasionally the savage hordes came indeed, forcing the inhabitants to leave their houses and fly for protection to small block forts. Here Samuel Hopkins took up his abode, denying himself the comforts of more civilized life, and the intercourse which he might have enjoyed, had he accepted a settlement near his friends.

With a church of five persons, and a salary of \$116 55, the pastor commenced his labors, which were faithfully continued, in the midst of many disheartening circumstances, for twenty-five years. There he manifested an extraordinary power of detecting the symptoms of religious decline, and of discerning the human heart—that knowledge of human nature, in fine, which distinguished him always. "He will read you through in fifteen minutes," said an acquaintance of Dr. Hopkins to a young clergyman about visiting him in later years. Doubtful cases of Church discipline were often referred to him, by clergymen from a distance. A person once came to him and described a "great conversion" which he had recently experienced. Mr. Hopkins said to him: "After several seasons of excitement and life, and several of depression, you will probably give up all your hope, and within two years, perhaps one, you will be worse than ever. Go, now, I beg of you, and become truly penitent for your sins." The predicted apostasy took place. But after a few years the same person returned, and mourned over his own sinfulness, and wondered he did not love the divine character which appeared so amiable. "Ah," said the sagacious pastor, "you will not get rid of *this* in six months. Your raising God one minute and depressing yourself the next, seem to indicate that God's Spirit has been with you."

And so it proved. In this respect there was a great resemblance between Mr. Hopkins, and Edwards, his instructor.

Mr. Hopkins felt a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the Indian tribes, who were settled very near him at Stockbridge. After the death of Mr. Sergeant, the missionary, in July, 1749, he was offered the mission by the Commissioners of Indian Missions at Boston; but not deeming himself qualified for such a post, he secured the appointment for his friend and instructor, Edwards, who had just been dismissed from the Church at Northampton. And among these humble wigwams often moved the giants in theology together, and casting aside for the time the lofty language of polemics, they told in simple words the simple story of that Redeemer, who is alike the Redeemer of every kindred, and tongue, and nation. Hopkins was metaphysical in his tendencies, but he often successfully resisted those tendencies, and aimed to speak such words as fitted his audience.

After twenty-five years' ministry at Great Barrington, he was finally dismissed, amid ecclesiastical and political commotion. He admitted to his Church during his ministry one hundred and sixteen members: seventy-one by conversion, forty-five by letter.

His next settlement was at Newport, R. I. This town was then larger, and far more enterprising, than at the present day. It was the second commercial town of New-England, and contained eleven thousand inhabitants—half the then population of New-York. It had, indeed, in many departments, a more extensive foreign trade; the merchants of New-York sending to Newport, as Newport now sends to them. A London mercantile house is said to have directed a letter to "New-York, near Newport." The town was noted for its fashion and luxury, as well as its refined society. Here Mr. Hopkins, though he could not sympathize with the "fashion and formalism prevalent," found many attractions. He felt more religious freedom, had access to valuable libraries, and found more Christian society. He addressed himself to the care of this Church with fresh zeal, and the results were soon visible in its gradual numerical increase, and other improvements. "This," it has been said, "was the sunniest period of his ministerial life."

"Mr. Hopkins," says his biographer, "was an embodied refutation of the saying of Edmund Burke, that there is no heart so hard as that of a thorough-bred metaphysician." His heart abounded with love to all men, and overflowed with it to his friends. Love must be a ruling principle in every great and noble nature. God is love. Though Hopkins at times appeared stern, and wrapped up in the contemplation of truth, or, as a little child of his congregation expressed it, "lost in divinity," he had an earnest love for individual souls. Toward the end of his life, he had in his study a complete list of the congregation in Newport, for whom he prayed daily by name.

He delighted in using the strongest expressions of love to the Supreme Being. One who was acquainted with his private habits, says:—"He would sometimes come from his study, where he had been engaged in the contemplation of the law made honorable, and magnified by the atonement, and would walk across his parlor floor for the space of two or three hours, pressing his hands together in the most ravishing delight, and seemingly in such an ecstasy as to be unable to contain himself."

The Canadian war had exerted a very discouraging influence upon his ministry in Great Barrington. He was doomed to suffer still more in his Newport labors by the Revolutionary War. Rhode Island was among the first of the colonies to resist British aggression, and flamed with a revolutionary spirit. In December, 1776, the British troops under Clinton and Percy took possession of Newport. Hopkins, with characteristic resolution, had held on till this time, while the Whigs had nearly all fled to the country. Some of his congregation who remained were imprisoned by the enemy; his parsonage was destroyed, and his church turned into a barrack and hospital; the pulpit, pews, and windows demolished, and the bell carried off. The British cut down the shade and fruit-trees for fuel, and destroyed the fences and wharves. When they finally left the town, in October, 1779, it was a complete wreck—sashes and glass almost entirely gone, and about four hundred and eighty buildings destroyed.

Hopkins returned the following spring; but his congregation did not recover from the shock, nor did the town itself. Its public spirit was gone, with the wealthiest

of its inhabitants. Many of his congregation did not return—the rest were impoverished and dejected.

And the influence, not only of poverty, but of infidelity was felt. The French officers, stationed at Newport after its evacuation by the British, had sowed the deadly seed. We can imagine the feelings of this faithful man on beholding the hopeful labors of years scattered and destroyed, and "all his pleasant things laid waste!"

Still indefatigable, he spent no time in mourning, but immediately on his return commenced holding public worship in a private house. Then, at the request of his congregation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to his Christian friends for aid in repairing his church. This was responded to, yet he himself received no regular salary. Although offered during this time another settlement, with good remuneration, he refused to leave the poor remnant of his people, and remained faithful, in deep poverty, to his dying day. Avarice had no place in his soul.

Hopkins, as a reformer, was in advance of his age. The movements which then brought down obloquy upon him, have many of them since become general and permanent reforms, at least in this section of the country. "He had many qualities," said Dr. Channing, "fitting him for a reformer: great singleness of purpose; invincible patience of research; sagacity to detect, and courage to expose, errors; a thirst for consistency of views, and resolution to carry out his principles to their legitimate consequences."

He was early an advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and an opponent of free-masonry and of lotteries, which were then in good repute among Church-members. On removing to Newport, he had come into the very center of the slave interest. New-England merchants, and among them Newport merchants in particular, were extensive dealers in the slave trade; let us of the East forget not to acknowledge our responsibility for slavery in this respect, while we utter so zealously our remonstrances against the South, upon whom we helped to fasten it. Hopkins's congregation were involved in the evil. The most respectable citizens, indeed nearly all, excepting the Quakers, upheld and practiced slavery. Had he chosen to at-

tack slavery from the solitudes of Monument Mountain, the case would have been different. But here—should he do it?

He was poor, and such a movement would be almost certain to take away the comfortable support he had just begun to enjoy. He was a preacher of the gospel—would it not be an improper subject for the pulpit? He was the representative of a new school of doctrine, and "should he expose that school to obloquy, by identifying it with an unpopular assault upon an established institution?" These were events worthy of consideration, and they were gravely considered. But he believed in sacrificing the interests of the one to the good of the many, and he offered his own interests for that sacrifice. "He did it deliberately and solemnly. Anticipating the indignation of his people and the anger of the community, he preached a sermon against the kidnapping, purchasing, and retaining of slaves."

Many may reject his doctrine, but none can refuse to admire the heroism of the act. He stood alone, clothed with the authority of truth, calling upon men to sacrifice then what was deemed their indispensable interests. Newport was startled by this movement—the first open and direct assault upon its system which had been attempted in the State. Here is the character of the man most fitly shown. He desired no other support but truth, and with this sturdy confidence in the right of his cause, he would have opposed the world.

Nevertheless, with all his gloomy expectations, he suffered very little by this boldness. A few families left in disgust, but the majority of his hearers were astonished that they had not discovered these views before. After this sermon he issued a pamphlet, a dialogue on slavery, of remarkable terseness and vigor, which had a wide circulation.

The first abolition society in the world was formed by a few Quakers in Philadelphia, in 1775. The third was formed in Rhode Island during this period. Mr. Hopkins's Church was the first in the world (except Quakers) which prohibited its members from purchasing or owning slaves. We introduce the subject here not for the discussion of the ethics or politics involved—that would be irrelevant—but as an historical illustration of the man.

Hopkins had the honor of producing and planting the germ which at last resulted

in an enterprise that bids fair to be attended with most momentous results—the colonization of Africa with Christian negroes. In 1770 he formed a plan of sending the gospel to Africa, by means of Christianized negroes, formerly slaves. Two such were educated and sent out by private contribution. Hopkins took a great interest in the negro population of Newport, which was heartily appreciated by them. These facts are indices of his character of no trivial import.

In his seventy-eighth year, after having performed labor enough to break down a constitution of iron, this old divine was struck with paralysis. He was able to speak only with great difficulty, and unable to ascend the pulpit stairs without support, yet continued faithful to the end. But before his ministry had come to a close, God favored him with an extensive revival in his Church, by which thirty-one were hopefully converted. During the progress of this new interest, he preached his last sermon; and, wearied with the toils of a laborious life, he then gave over the struggle, and departed to the reward of the just. He died Dec. 20th, 1803, in the sixty-second year of his ministry, and the eighty-third of his age. His remains were laid in the burial-ground at Newport, but subsequently removed to Great Barrington, where a suitable monument has been erected.

Dr. Hopkins's person was commanding and dignified, so much so as to inspire a reverence bordering on awe, even among his brethren in the ministry. He was erect in figure, and of gigantic proportions. It is related that when he once walked through the streets of Newport, at the right hand of Washington, with powdered wig, silver knee and shoe buckles, and three-cornered hat, his stature appeared as imposing, though his movements were by no means so pleasing, as those of the Father of his country. He was indeed rather awkward in his manners. He was taciturn in general company; "His thoughts were in solid bullion, and he had but little small change."

In the pulpit his appearance was exceedingly dignified and solemn. A little girl was once found weeping, because she dared not go into the meeting-house, where he was going to preach; for she said, "When I look up I think I see God there."

Every fortnight the barber visited the old patriarch, and shaved his head. Over his head the aged father wore a white linen cap; and covering this, a higher cap of red velvet. A gown of blue worsted, lined with green, or of green plaid or baize, was his favorite *dishabille*, always worn by him in the study, and sometimes out of doors. Ordinarily, however, when he appeared in the street, he was clad in the straight-bodied coat so common among gentlemen of the old school, and his head was covered with powdered wig and "three-cornered hat." While one of the two portraits of Dr. Hopkins was in the public gallery at Hartford, a gentleman evinced his theological dislike for the subject of it by thrusting his cane through the canvas, giving as a reason for this outrage, that Dr. H. believed in the damnation of infants! This was one of the many calumnies with which the old divine was assailed, and from which no one may expect to be free who dares to think and write originally and freely.

Dr. Hopkins was remarkable for his equable temper and self-possession in debate, of which we have a striking instance. Mr. Sanford, a brother-in-law of his, and a parishioner, was very hostile to the religion and preaching of his relative; but it was once necessary for them to have frequent interviews on the division of property between the sisters whom they had married. Mr. S. was determined to obtain a victory over his brother's Christian patience, and, to effect this, proposed such a division of the property as was glaringly unjust, accompanying the proposition with aggravating raillery and sarcasm. He succeeded, and the minister left the house in anger. But he could not sleep in wrath. The night was spent in humiliation and prayer; and, early the next morning, in very cold weather, Mr. S. saw the injured man approaching. On entering, he desired that the family should be called together. He then acknowledged his fault, and asked forgiveness for his resentful words, and assented to any division of the property which should be proposed. Mr. Sanford was overwhelmed. He never forgot the visit, and under its influence became a Christian, and a useful preacher of the gospel. When past the age of sixty years, Dr. H. said that in early life he had found it difficult to preserve an even temper; but added:—"For

more than thirty years (referring to the above interview) I have not felt an angry emotion, nor do I think it probable that I ever shall feel another." Such a character is certainly rare in this querulous world.

Dr. Hopkins's writings were numerous. His style was far from being popular or engaging. He deigned not to trim a single sentence, nor to soften an unpopular doctrine, to gain purchasers. His principal work was his "Theological System." "The genius of Hopkins's theology," says his biographer, "consists in its attempting to show the entire rectitude of the divine government, and then in exalting that government high above all other interests." Many will not sympathize with his teachings, but all will admire the vigor of his arguments, and the firmness of his faith. He received no principle without carrying it out to its final results.

In his old age he was asked whether, if he should rewrite his system, he would not make some alterations. He replied: "I do not arrogate to myself infallibility, and perhaps some things in it might be altered to advantage." "But would you," continued the interrogator, "make any alteration in the sentiments?" Raising his withered arm, and kindling with the glow of youthful energy, he brought it down with a solemn and emphatic "No! I am willing to rest my soul on them forever."

The life of such a man is a moral sublimity. Firmly he stood on what he believed to be the right. A character of such colossal might was Napoleon's; but the blood-red cloud that encircles the warrior's memory is the sign of destroying might, itself destroyed. The halo of milder glory around the Christian champion marks the peaceful setting of a sun that has enlightened, fructified, and blessed.

Well is it that such characters should be resuscitated in our history. Even were their opinions not to be admitted, their examples of greatness and goodness should be embalmed, and often become the more impressive by the contrast between their day and ours.

Dr. Hopkins's works have recently been issued, with a memoir, by Professor Park, to whom we are indebted for our data.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DEATH.

NEARLY at the hour when our present number goes to press, the startling news of the death of Mr. Webster arrives, covering the community with gloom as with a pall. Before these pages can reach our nearest readers, they will have read with painful interest every particular of the final scene in his mortal history; and the innumerable sketches of his life and character with which the press teems, will render anything we can record of him out of date. It would, however, under even such circumstances, be unpardonable not to refer to the solemn event. Solemn, indeed, has it been, for it was the departure of the mightiest intellect yet known in the New World; and his last hours among men, his prolonged struggles with the king of terrors, were noted with such particularity, and the record spread over the nation with such velocity, that it was as if the whole country were present at the impressive scene—a nation witnessing the dying agony of its greatest citizen. No death, perhaps, in the history of the country, was ever attended with more impressive concomitants.

The strength of both his gigantic constitution and his gigantic mind were manifest in the final struggle. He "suffered terribly" at intervals; yet during the last day he spent on earth, he conversed calmly respecting his public and private affairs, and relieved the sorrow of his friends by consolatory remarks. The description given of his last interview with his family is full of affecting interest; and that supplication, uttered "in his natural voice—strong, full, and clear"—"Heavenly Father, forgive my sins and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus,"—what a feature was it in the scene! The public mind has looked with avidity for every indication of the moral feelings of the dying man:—a fuller record of that prayer would render it to thousands the most interesting fact of the closing day of his life.

Thus have disappeared, within a brief period, the three greatest intellects which have been connected with our national councils during the present generation—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

In our next we shall have something further to say on this great national loss—a loss felt and mourned through the length and breadth of the land.



CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D.

WE have already given several sketches and portraits of eminent American divines. Our artists have been preparing engravings for a long series of such articles, and we hope, in time, to present our readers a good "National Portrait Gallery" of distinguished clergymen of the leading denominations—especially such among them as have become noted in the walks of literature. Dr. Charles Elliott takes an unquestionable rank among these. He is a prominent man in his own denomination in this country, and his works have commanded no little attention in Europe.

"Dr. Elliott," says some one, "is a hearty Irishman—looks like one, acts like one, speaks like one—without a particle of dissimulation in his big Hibernian breast." He was born, we believe, in the parish of Killybegs, (which sounds genuinely *Patriotic*.) in the county of Donegal, Ireland, May 16, 1792, so that he is now just about sixty years of age. In his youth he joined the Methodists, and, soon after, believing that it was his duty to preach the gospel, he began a thorough course of preparatory study, and thus laid the foundation of his

subsequent and erudite acquisitions. He pursued the collegiate routine of studies till about his twenty-fourth year. He was refused admission to Dublin University, because he could not conscientiously submit to the established "Test."

In 1811 he emigrated to the United States, as a Methodist local preacher, and proceeded to Ohio. In 1818 he was received on trial in the Ohio Conference. He traveled large circuits the first four years. His fifth year (1822) was spent as missionary to the Indians at Upper Sandusky. The next four years he was presiding elder on the Ohio District. In 1827, he was appointed Professor of Languages in Madison College, where he remained four years, associated with Dr. Bascom. The first two of these years he was both professor and stationed preacher. In 1831 he was stationed in Pittsburgh city. The next two years he was again presiding elder. In the winter of 1833-34 he commenced his editorial career in connection with the "Pittsburgh Conference Journal." In 1836 he was appointed editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and continued at that post until

1848. He was then stationed in Springfield and Xenia, Ohio, successively, and last year was placed on the Dayton District.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, May, 1852, he was reappointed to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*. He has traveled circuits four years, was one year Indian missionary, eight years "stationed," and about fifteen years editor. During three of the years in which he was stationed, he was either professor or editor; so that in thirty-four years he has performed thirty-seven years of regular work, besides his extra literary labors.

We gather the above facts from a printed sketch of the doctor, now under our eye, the writer of which says:—"We have in our possession several letters from our old friend, and before us now lies a manuscript account of his literary productions and projects. 'I practiced writing,' says he, 'constantly from the time I commenced traveling. My first published work was an Essay on Baptism, in 1831. My work on Romanism was published in 1839-40. The second edition is published. It has gone through three editions in London. In 1849 I published my work on slavery, in two volumes duodecimo. I hope to issue, next winter or fall, a history of the great Separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This will embrace the connection of Wesleyan Methodism with slavery, chapters on the slave trade, the West India Emancipation, and the Methodist laws on slavery. It will embrace, next, a full survey of the abolition movements connected with the Church, from 1834 to 1844. The events from 1844 to the present time will be traced out, and all questions connected with them. This work, embracing all important documents, will occupy about eight or nine hundred pages octavo. I have material laid by for a treatise on *Servitude and Slavery*. The Roman law will here be drawn out in full, from the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and the noble Latin edition of Gothafredus. The New Testament will then be considered. To this will be added the laws and regulations of slavery in the primitive Church, taken from the Apostolic Canons, the Canon Law, and the ancient fathers, both Greek and Latin.'"

On "this vexed question," the doctor
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refuses to be ranked with the extreme parties of either North or South.

He contemplates another great work on Popery, to be entitled "Political Romanism," and has already amassed a great variety of *materiale* for it. The text-books for this will comprise, as infallible standards, Acts of Councils, Bulls, Canon Law; also, *Breviarium Romanum*, the *Ceremoniale*, *Rituale*, *Curiale*, *Pontificale*: besides the annals of Baronius, Bellarmine, and writers without number, both historical, dogmatical, moral, &c. Add to these the State papers of the European countries. Over \$10,000 worth of books must be consulted. "This," says the laborious veteran, "shall, God willing, be formally commenced, as soon as the present work on the Church shall have been completed. From four to ten years will be necessary to complete it."

The writings of Dr. Elliott, from the nature of their subjects, have necessarily consisted largely of compiled authorities; but they are not merely compilations. Some of them are thoroughly elaborated, and will long remain as standard. This may be said especially of his great Treatise on Popery. As a *résumé* of the whole subject, it supersedes all similar productions extant. It is incomparably superior to M'Gavin's great work. It is more valued in England than here, and has been circulated very extensively there—in numbers as well as in bound volumes—as an antidote to the Papal contagion which has lately prevailed in the Anglican Church.

Dr. Elliott has a heart as capacious as his head—a more generous-souled Irishman cannot be found out of Ireland, nor in it either. His good-nature characterizes all that he does or says; and notwithstanding he is "as bold as a lion," and never disguises his sentiments, he never offends. We doubt that he has an enemy in the world. It is impossible to extend the hostility you may entertain against any of his opinions or measures to the man himself. There is an inherent, an instinctive geniality about him, which carries captive every generous instinct of your own heart. And this native conciliatory power is quite anomalous; it is not the result of remarkable humor—though he has somewhat of that—nor of any artifice of address, any concessive manner in debate. On the contrary, the

doctor is notably direct and peremptory in the expression of his opinions, whether in public or private. He seems himself to take it for granted that he is the honest, well-meaning man that he is, and will not require ceremonious attempts at conciliation. This fact is, we think, the solution of his power over the good-will of all around him. All men like a straightforward, uncereemonious, whole-hearted, upright man. Every heart cries out, when such a man appears, "Let him be heard, whether for or against us." Would that polemical or political controversialists would learn this lesson!

The scribbler from whom we have quoted above (and who, by-the-way, waxes quite free with the old author's gray hairs) describes him as he appeared at the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He says:—

"While we write, he is 'on his legs,' making a *set* speech on Dr. Durbin's report, in favor of a more thorough and independent organization of our African Mission. He is stout in person, but not corpulent; his chest and shoulders are remarkably well formed, constituting a lust for a sculptor. Otherwise his person is not without awkwardness, and a lack of sufficient pantaloons length—a custom, or costume, in which he seems doggedly to persist—fails to afford any relieving grace. He appears to fancy exceedingly this latter peculiarity, and often seems to be trying to promote it, by zealously twitching up the abbreviated leggings. The doctor's head is one of the finest in the Conference. It is *posed* well above his fine shoulders; it is perfectly white, and is symmetrically developed. His forehead is high, and quite prominently protuberant in the phrenological region of 'locality.' This indication is, in fine, one of his most marked features. His eyes are blue, and mild in their expression; his nose large, (the usual accompaniment of a very generous heart;) his mouth expressive of gentleness and benevolence. His face is long; but its whole contour is interesting, by its expression of intelligence, sentiment, and hearty vigor. There is, however, one morbid indication incessantly playing over it—but adding, if possible, to its agreeable expression. He is affected by a slight attack of St. Vitus's dance, or some similar nervous disorder, which keeps his features almost continually twitching: it is some-

times quite ludicrous. This morning he has occupied a short time a seat on the platform; and for a few minutes, as he seemed to be surveying the Conference, his head and features were in redoubled motion. He appeared to be nodding most complacently to the whole assembly in detail. We heard once of a rencounter which he had while crossing the Ohio, in a ferry-boat, at Pittsburgh, and which came near being something more than ludicrous. It so happened that a fellow-passenger, sitting opposite to him, was troubled with the same affection. They caught each other's eye, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, twitched away more violently than ever. The stranger took the good doctor's grimaces as a wanton insult of his misfortune, and began to defy him. The doctor's Irish spunk was momentarily roused, and with exasperated twitching, he challenged him to 'come on.' Neither of them, however, got overboard, we believe; the contest was conducted only with words and twitchings. An explanation soon followed, and they twitched away in harmony the rest of the passage. This is a current 'story,' perhaps exaggerated as usual. The doctor is hearty in all his sentiments. He hates heartily as well as loves heartily—but we know of nothing that he hates save the Devil and the Pope. We believe he would shout to see St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Pope, and all his cardinals blown up to heaven, even if St. Peter should shake his keys at them in defiance, and send them in the opposite direction. He ardently pleads for a mission to Rome. We heartily second his motion, provided he shall be sent thither himself. God bless the good old man!"

Apart from the badinage of this description—which fails not, however, to help the illustration of its subject, and is congruous to the *bonhomie* of the doctor—there is, in the generous nature, the long and faithful services in many hard, ministerial fields, the able writings and venerable years of this noble old Methodist preacher, much to secure to him through life the respect and endearment of his Church, and, after death, a permanent place in its memory. He has "fought a good fight," and fights still, bravely, at his post. His youthful energy and usefulness know no abatement; and it is evident that he will enter heaven at last under the impulse of an unslackened activity.

Editor's Table.

THE irregularity of the arrival of the "National," complained of by our exchanges, we have endeavored thoroughly to remedy. If it is found by any of our brethren of the press to recur, we solicit from them immediate information. We value too highly their courtesies to fail of any reciprocation of them.

Our sketches, biographical and critical, of foreign and domestic authors, are designed to be popularly *readable*—not too elaborately written, but at the same time appreciative. The reader will perceive that they consist not of the usual puffatory commonplaces, but aim to be honest and original estimates. The standard of criticism thus far exemplified in these articles, will be faithfully maintained in the future course of the Magazine. If our judgments of men and books are not approved as accurate, they shall, at least, be approved as independent and frank. This literary series has been projected on an extensive scale, and will include most, if not all, the leading American writers, as also many foreign ones, with engraved illustrations.

Preparations for the edifice of the World's Fair in New-York are rapidly progressing. It is to be a really splendid structure—one of which the nation may well be proud, notwithstanding any comparisons with the London Crystal Palace. Our artist is preparing an illustration of the design, which we hope will soon embellish our pages.

The appearance of *Mr. Thackeray* among the American lecturers of the season, excites no little interest; not only his subjects—which are unquestionably among the most attractive in our literature—but particularly his character as an original author and humorist, command the warmest expectations. Authors, however, seldom come personally up to their own fine ideals, or the preconceived images of their *personnel* entertained in the fond imaginations of their readers. According to the *Liverpool Courier*, Mr. Thackeray must not be judged too critically in respect either to his *physique* or his oratorical pretensions. Describing one of his recent lectures, it says:—"His outward man must have appeared to his admirers very different from the idea they had previously formed of him. A somewhat clumsy figure, fattish features, and a manner carelessly, if not studiously, abrupt and awkward, were calculated to remind the audience of Yorkshire rather than of London. There was a total absence of that grace and suavity which serves to win the favor of an audience. The lecturer, on entering from the side of the platform, walked hurriedly up to the music-stand in the center, and with the slightest possible inclination of the body before turning round—a movement which might easily have passed unobserved by any one who was not particularly attentive—at once plunged into the heart of his subject. There might be observed a frequent absence of modulation, and a want of proper emphasis, which materially detracted from the effect of what he said.

His gestures were the alternate thrusting of one hand and then the other, and then both, into the pockets, with the sole variety of these, being sometimes the coat and sometimes the trousers pockets—the handkerchief, when employed, being carried equally into one and the other. The abruptness of his manner was illustrated in rather a comical way. Mr. Thackeray, in finishing his portrait of Swift, uttered in his highest key the words: 'More are to come, but none so great or so gloomy as this,' closed his book, and without the slightest token of leave-taking either in word or gesture, stalked off the stage. As the lecture had lasted barely an hour, we left the hall under the impression that we had heard the first part. A few others did the same, taking checks at the door to enable them to return. One gentleman, feeling dubious as to whether the performance was over or not, put the question to an official at the door, and received a most authoritative assurance in the negative. The great bulk of the audience, such as it was, remained in the hall; and we learn from one of the papers, that after looking at one another for a sufficient length of time, a gentleman went behind the stage, and ascertained from Mr. Thackeray himself that the lecture was concluded!"

The Boston Congregationalist contained lately a very interesting letter from an American traveler in Europe, sketching his visit to Herrnhut, the world-renowned sanctuary of the Moravians. The letter is full of most entertaining details, which we would like much to transfer to our columns, but we can only give a few glimpses at the interesting *locale*. It is about fifty miles east of Dresden, and is described by this writer as exceedingly neat, resembling a first-class New-England village. It is regularly laid out, and its streets are paved, although they are so little traveled, that the fresh moss and grass spring up between the stones. The houses are plain and the gardens spacious and tasteful; and one cannot walk through the streets and be gladdened by the courteous and quiet greetings of the villagers, without feeling that the stillness around is indeed a symbol of the holy peace that reigns in all the dwellings. The cemetery is in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by a hedge, and shaded by aged trees, that line the avenues by which it is intersected. Between the avenues are laid, in long rows, the flat, plain grave-stones, recording, with very few exceptions, only the name, with the places and dates of the birth and death of the deceased. One inscription will serve as a specimen of all: "Maria Eling, born the 8th November, 1742, at Fredricks-town, Transylvania; fell asleep the 17th April, 1811." Instead of the expression "fell asleep," (which is most common,) some other simple phrase—as, "she went home"—is sometimes found. In the center of the cemetery, are the graves of Zinzendorf and his family. Upon the grave-stone of the former is an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "Here

rests the body of the memorable man of God, Nicholas Louis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, the most worthy Ordinarius of the Society of Brothers in Unity, which was restored in this XVIIIth century, by God's grace, and his own faithful, unwearied service."

The writer visited the gentleman to whom is given the charge of the archives and the museum. In the museum are grotesque idols from barbarous lands and curious articles which the Moravian missionaries have collected in the corners of the earth. The interesting old man who has the care of them, expatiates with great animation upon the history of his treasures, and sometimes astonishes his more rustic neighbors, by appearing out in a Labrador cap, with a staff from South Africa, and a pipe from Arkansas. Under his care is the large library which contains the many works pertaining to the history of the Moravians, and the public correspondence, and other papers relating to missions. Zinzendorf was himself a very voluminous writer. In addition to his numerous published works, there is a vast mass of manuscript from his pen, comprising a diary of some twenty volumes. Upon the walls of the room which contains these interesting things, are hung the portraits of Moravian missionaries, and portraits of Zinzendorf and his friends. One of the most interesting institutions in Herrnhut is the "Sisters' House," where females who have no home are received and cared for, and where the daughters of absent missionaries may reside. It has at present about a hundred inmates, and is a model of neatness and order. A walk of an hour brings one to the village of Hennersdorf. Here is the Zinzendorf castle. It is surrounded by a wall and ditch, and apparently strongly fortified, but it is now in great part a ruin. It was here that Zinzendorf passed a portion of his youth, and his favorite chamber is still shown. It is without furniture, and is sadly dilapidated.

One of the most interesting items of this very interesting letter is the account of the writer's visit to the old missionaries, who, on account of their advanced age or infirmities, have returned to spend their last days with their brethren. One is there who has labored for thirty-nine years, and another for thirty years in Labrador, and two who were twenty-five years in South Africa. Their vivacity and simple-hearted piety are described as delightful, and it is cheering, says the traveler, to see these veterans in the missionary service, peacefully closing their lives among their Christian friends. The Moravians are emphatically the Missionary Church of modern times. One fact sheds an effulgence over their noble society, viz., that they have more actual members in their communion in heathen countries than in their domestic Churches.

The writer proceeds to describe the public religious services of the "Brethren," but our quotations have already extended too far for further particulars. Their daily vespers, (chiefly devotional melodies,) the leave-taking of a "brother" for a foreign mission, their festal services—as the sublime one of Easter, when the whole congregation assembles on the burial-ground at the rising of the sun, in pledge of their assurance of the resurrection of their departed brethren

on the morning of the "Great Day,"—the "Love Meal" of the children²—all indicate that the original simplicity and fervor of the Order remain in its old sanctified asylum. These brief references will, we doubt not, be gratifying to our readers, as the latest intimations received from that memorable locality.

We conclude, in the present number, the translation from the *Revue des deux Mondes* respecting Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Those of our readers who have examined attentively the article, will consider themselves repaid by its interest. It narrates enough of her history to elucidate well the progress of her development, moral and intellectual, and its estimate of her characteristics is generally sensible and candid. It is, in fine, the most satisfactory paper that has been occasioned by her memoirs in transatlantic journals; and this is saying much, for we are not aware of any preceding work from this country which has attracted more attention from the critical journals of Europe. The Reviews of England are not yet done with it. Like the "Life of Sterling," it is seized by curious and critical minds as an example of a rare, and comparatively new class of heart-histories—a class whose most complete, if not earliest type, is Rousseau's startling picture of himself; a class which records more the history of the inner than of the outer life, and which, by strongly marked individual types, like these, indicates a tendency of the times.

The problem of Margaret Fuller Ossoli's spiritual history can be solved only by several considerations. The first of these is, doubtless, her early miseducation, the overaction of her faculties, the consequent derangement of those subtle ties which connect the mind with the body, and which so often occasion indescribable misery to men of strong sensibility and of genius. Physiological science is throwing increasing light on this subject; not only the marked monomaniacal case of Cowper, but such examples as Dante, Petrarch, Rousseau, Sterling, Poe, and Margaret Fuller, receive from it their chief explanation. The whole life of this extraordinary woman is a history of the consequences of this early error. There was apparently no congenital cause of her mental unhealthiness. According to some accounts, she was naturally robust. She constantly revealed traits of good masculine common-sense; but they were combined with the most incongruous, morbid perturbations of the soul; not *enunciating* merely, but downright hypochondria—spreading dreariness and restlessness over her life, and baffling, as by a sort of demoniacal mockery, the noblest aspirations of her spirit. The explanation is, we think, more physiological than psychological.

Her intellectual habits, also, especially her predilection for the literature of Southern Europe, had much to do with her abnormal peculiarities. So thoroughly was she addicted to the Italian writers, that she lived, here in our cold, practical age and country, the intellectual

² A century ago the children in Herrnhut gathered around Zinzendorf's grave, and "made a covenant with Jesus," which has been annually commemorated by the "Love Meal."

life of Italy. She repeatedly avers the fact, and, when in that country, she found its actual life, with all its detractions, the most congenial she had yet met with anywhere. The physical evils of her education in childhood might, with her vigorous constitution, have been measurably counteracted by more healthful studies in her youth; but she fed her morbid appetite with the very nutriment which a wise regimen would have proscribed. For a long time, even the diseased stimulus of modern French literature could not divert her taste from her favorite Italian authors, except in one or two cases, and the most influential of these was, in fact, more Southern than French—the most morbid, the most infectious, the most inevitably dangerous to youthful minds, of all modern writers—Jean Jacques Rousseau. Of one of his own works Rousseau declared that “he that reads it is lost.” Not his infidelity and his licentiousness alone render him perilous, but, to a mind like Margaret Fuller’s, his profound but morbid sentimentalism, his agonizing earnestness, is, if possible, still more fatal. The contagion of Rousseau’s diseased genius is yet pervading the literature of Europe. No author has left his impress more indelible upon the character of France. Her political writers show the power of his “*Contrat Social*,” his “*Discourse on Inequalities*,” and his revolutionary spirit. His “*Nouvelle Heloise*” is the model of her novelists. Her poets drink in his morbid sentimentalism. Lamartine himself, with all his better *morceaux*, worships him, lives in his writings, and has but reproduced his “*Emile*” and “*Nouvelle Heloise*” in the “*Confidences*.” Robespierre kept Rousseau’s works habitually on his table; La Mennais reads him daily for inspiration with which to begin the labor of his pen. The sophisms of his Savoyard vicar’s creed have infected the religious speculations of most of the liberal minds of Europe. This is the writer of whose influence on her own mind Margaret Fuller speaks in the most passionate terms, and whose manuscripts she touched in Paris with more reverence than she ever yielded to the revelations of God; “feeling,” she says, as she handled the “yellow and faded” papers, “the fire of youth immortally more and more expansive, with which his soul has pervaded this century.” It may be affirmed, without much qualification, that few young minds can habitually read Rousseau without fatal moral effect. No writer is more demoniacally powerful.

A third explanation of the sad history of Margaret Fuller’s mind is to be found in her utterly unsettled views of religion. She needed, more than most minds, the repose which the implicit and childlike religious trust of the highest evangelical faith can alone impart. Her mental vision was too keen not to see the solemn moral relations and mysteries of the soul; she felt all their reality and fearfulness, but sought her moral redemption in esthetic culture. For this she labored with a noble earnestness and devotion; but her failure reveals itself most affectingly on almost every page of her strange Memoirs. Such a mind, under right religious direction, would have be-

come saintly in its virtues and in its peace also; as it was, she fed upon the husks of metaphysical transcendentalism and literary sentimentalism, and her inward life was a burden intolerable to be borne. The incessant cry of her spirit was, Who will show me any good? Literature, art—great minds, gave their answer. Her years were spent in studying it, and proved it a failure.

Such, we think, the true, though simple, solution of this interesting case of spiritual history. Margaret Fuller had the elements of a truly great soul; her biographers and critics, we think, do not estimate her true worth. We not only respect her, we love her—and painfully sympathize with her suffering spirit as we read the history of its struggles. From her childhood to her death, she was the victim of untoward influences; she never received the moral guidance which such a mind needed. She was a noble martyr to the intellectual and moral fallacies that surrounded her.

John Bull, as we have frequently shown, is growing remarkably well disposed toward Brother Jonathan, in matters of literature, politics, &c.; his last self-conquest, however, will be to like Jonathan’s character. Marryat says, in one of his works:—“I never knew a Yankee who was a real gentleman—but I never knew one with whom I wanted to fight.” Englishmen have not been indisposed to concur with him in this estimate. One of them, however, has given, in a recent work on this country, a really smart eulogium on us. Carey, in his *Two Years on Uncle Sam’s Farm*, utters himself in the following hearty terms:—“Vying with the Parisian in dress—the Englishman in energy—cautious as a Dutchman—impulsive as an Irishman—patriotic as Tell—brave as Wallace—cool as Wellington—and royal as Alexander; there he goes—the American citizen! In answering your questions, or speaking commonly, his style is that of the ancient Spartan; but put him on a stump, with an audience of whigs, democrats, or barn-burners, and he becomes a compound of Tom Cribb and Demosthenes, a fountain of eloquence, passion, sentiment, sarcasm, logic, and drollery, altogether different from anything known or imagined in the Old World states. Say anything of anybody, (as public men,) untied with conventional phraseology, he swings his rhetorical mace with a vigorous arm, crushing the antagonistic principle or person into a most villainous compound. Walking right on, as if it were life against time, with the glass at fever-heat, yet taking it cool in the most serious and pressing matter, a compound of the Red Man, Brummel, and Franklin—statesman and laborer, on he goes—divided and subdivided in politics, and religion—professionally opposed with a keenness of competition in vain looked for even in England; yet, let but the national rights or liberty be threatened, and that vast nation stands a pyramid of resolve, united as one man, with heart, head, hand, and purse, burning with a Roman zeal to defend inviolate the cause of the commonwealth.”

That will do for a while.

Book Notices.

Dr. Jesse T. Peck's baccalaureate address at the last commencement of Dickinson College has been published, and is for sale by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. Its title is *God in Education*, and it discusses the elements of right character in their relation to God. The theme is a sublime one, and it is illustrated with much skill. This discourse will be considered by the friends of Dr. Peck the most able production yet from his pen.

We are indebted to *Putnam, New-York*, for a copy of the sixth edition of his *Hand-Book of Chronology and History*. It is a capital exposé of the "world's progress,"—a dictionary of dates, with tabular views of general history and a historical chart. The Addenda, covering some fifty closely-printed pages, and prepared in part by E. G. Langdon, Esq., present a vast amount of recent data. Mr. Langdon is an indefatigable bibliographer, as we have had occasion to learn in his connection with this Magazine. Mr. Putnam's volume is almost indispensable to the literary or professional man; and its convenience as a book for popular reference, should entitle it to a place in every domestic library.

From the same source we have received Mr. Saunders's excellent *Memoirs of the Great Metropolis*; one of the best topographical pictures of London extant. It is not an ordinary guide-book, but a most entertaining volume of local descriptions, including the numerous places consecrated by genius, historical sites, and the most notable memorabilia of the city. The cuts are numerous and good.

Leavitt & Allen, New-York, have favored us with copies of Woodbury's *New Method with the German and German Eclectic Reader*. Mr. Woodbury's Text-Books have received general sanction; they are fast displacing others in our academic institutions. His plan includes all the excellences of Ollendorf's, and goes far beyond the latter. We will guarantee for it the preference of any teacher who will test it. And what we thus venture to say of these German Text-Books, we can say equally of *Esquellé's French Course*, and edition of *Télémaque*, founded upon the same plan, and issued by the same house.

Long & Brothers, New-York, have issued an illustrated edition of Mrs. Hale's *Northwood*, a work which, when published, a quarter of a century ago, attracted much attention, and (a rare compliment then to American literature) was republished in London. Its pictures of American life still have their verisimilitude and freshness. Those which are copied from New-England, are especially good. The relation of the book to the prevalent agitation on slavery, will enhance its value to many, while to others it will render it anything but acceptable. The former will consider it a fair portraiture of the institution; the latter an apology for it.

Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York, have received the *Illustrated Geography of the London Illus-*

trated Library. It abounds in good engravings, but is too meagre in its text. They have also for sale, from the same publishers, *Miller's Picturesque Sketches of London*; an exceedingly entertaining volume of outlines of London life and London localities. Mr. Miller is well known by his "Pictures of Country Life," "History of the Anglo-Saxons," &c. He has diligently collected the most interesting features of his subject, both antique and modern. The reader will find at Bangs, Brother & Co., the choicest examples of foreign English works, both illustrated and unillustrated.

Muston's *Israel of the Alps*, or History of the Persecution of the Waldenses, translated by Mr. Hazlitt, has been added to the list of the "London Illustrated Library," and is one of the best works of that popular series. The plates are numerous, and superior to the usual work of the company. Bangs, Brother & Co., are the American agents for these publications.

The students of the "Biblical Institute," Concord, N. H., have issued, in neat style, a discourse delivered before them by *Professor Dempster*, on Christ's Mediation. It is in the marked style of Dr. Dempster, and full of suggestive and original thought.

MacFarlane's *Japan*, published by *Putnam, New-York*, comprehends most of what is known respecting that terra incognita. Of course it is an interesting book; but it is more: it is intrinsically able and valuable. The reader will be surprised at the amount of information, geographical, historical, archaeological, &c., which it affords. Its cuts are numerous, but only tolerably done.

A memoir of three of the early bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *Whatecoat, M'Kendree, and George*, from the pen of Rev. B. St. James Fry, has been issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. The resources at the command of Mr. Fry were quite limited, but he has availed himself of them with skill and success. We can commend his little volume, not only to Methodists, but all readers, as an interesting illustration of the early ecclesiastical history of the country. We should remark that it is adorned by a very fine likeness of M'Kendree.

Mr. Shepard (Fulton-street) has on hand "Wilson's *Treatise on Punctuation*, designed for Authors, Printers, and Proof-Readers;" a little work which, for its valuable information, should find a place in the office and composing-rooms of every literary establishment in the United States.

Sicily—A Pilgrimage, by H. T. Tuckerman, has been issued by *Putnam, New-York*, as one of his Semi-monthly Library series. It appeared some twelve years since, but is as readable as ever, and derives even additional interest from the late revolutionary events of Sicily. It is a series of local pictures and sketches, in the graceful style which distinguishes all Mr. Tuckerman's productions.

Literary Record.

Rev. W. C. Hoyt is preparing a work for family devotion, to be issued from the press of Carlton and Phillips, containing a large collection of choice hymns, the whole accompanied with standard tunes from the best composers, arranged and adapted to this work by Emil C. Goebler.

The statement, in one of our late numbers, that Rev. John Newman had been appointed one of the instructors of the New-York Free Academy, was incorrect. Mr. Newman has been appointed to the chair of Latin, &c., in Union College. We copied the blunder from an exchange paper.

The *Pennington Seminary*, (N. J.) under the care of Rev. J. T. Crane, is in a prosperous condition. Funds are being successfully raised for a female department, a suitable edifice for which is now going up. The institution has an effective faculty, and is under an excellent religious regimen.

A professorship of Hebrew has recently been attached to Centenary College, Louisiana.

M. Hefner, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has issued his illustrative work, the "Christian Costume of the Middle Ages."

In an article on the English Language, in a late *Tribune*, we read: "Perhaps the most surprising philological fact of the present time, is the wonderful spread of the English speech, not merely by the extension of the power of Great Britain and the United States, by which the English is carried to every quarter of the globe, and made the legal, scholastic, and polite language of vast territories, but by the impulse which the labors of a few eminent scholars in France, Germany, and the northern European nations, have given to the study of English classical authors in their own tongue. Throughout Germany, an immense impulse has also been given to this study by the emigration to the United States." The writer further adds, in reference to the increased use of the language on the European continent:—"In every well-educated family, too, it is beginning to be as necessary to possess such a knowledge of the English, at least, as our boarding-school misses acquire of the French; and the number who can read Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, and Cooper with pleasure, in the original, is far greater than the number with us who can read Moliere, Gil Blas, and Paul and Virginia. Perhaps the three men who, in Germany, have produced the greatest influence in rendering our speech popular and necessary to a complete education, are A. W. Schegel, (deceased,) Gervinus, and Jacob Grimm,—the two former as admirers, translators, and critics of Shakspeare; the latter as a philologist."

A singular feature has been observed within the last few years, with respect to the *Mounds in Wisconsin*, which appears to have escaped all notice hitherto. It is that the outlines of these mounds bear a rude resemblance on a gigantic scale to different animal figures—bears, lizards, buffaloes, &c. Mr. Lapham's survey of these

mounds, in which these curious features are especially referred to, is expected soon to appear among the issues of the "Smithsonian Contributions," and under the direction of the American Antiquarian Society, at whose expense these investigations have been prosecuted.

The Newbury (Vt.) Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, under the care of Rev. J. E. King, presents an extensive catalogue of students. The collegiate department, of recent origin, has succeeded remarkably; it includes some eighty-one young ladies: the seminary comprises about four hundred and fifty students of both sexes: five hundred and thirty-eight different students have been in attendance during the year. The institution is beautifully located among the hills of Vermont, and its terms are among the cheapest in the country.

Judge Talfourd has published, with a prefatory memoir, the posthumous work by the late Mr. Deacon of the English journals, entitled, "Annette."

The Committee of Languages, History, and Arts, attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction, in France, have received orders to make and publish a general collection of the popular poetry of that country.

Mr. Bogue has published Marvy's "Sketches after English Landscape Painters," with short notices by Thackeray.

A statue in honor of Descartes has been placed on its pedestal at Blois, from the *atelier* of Count de Nieuwerkerke.

Humboldt, now in his eighty-third year, is employed, at Berlin, in finishing his fourth volume of *Kosmos*.

The publication of the autobiography of the great Swedish chemist, Berzelius, which has been long ready for the press, is again postponed,—the allusions to living or recently-deceased scientific men being so numerous that his executors are afraid to make them public.

Among the books comprising the library of the ex-Queen of the French, announced for sale in November last, was the "*Sac de Rome*," written by J. Bonaparte, in 1827, with a translation of the work by Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic.

The *London Athenaeum* of a recent date commends "Sargent's Standard Speaker" to aspirants in elocution for its "great variety of excellent examples in prose and poetry for declamation," and praises the introductory treatise as "free from the pedantry that besets most elocutionary treatises." It eulogizes the collection as "remarkable for its originality, the recent date of its citations, and the abundance of the latter from American authors." A fourth edition of the "Standard Speaker" has lately appeared from the press of Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia. The work has been widely adopted in the schools and colleges of the United States.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* cautions travelers to the Austrian States to be careful what works they bring with them, the possession of certain works subjecting the owners to delay if not fine. The *Athenæum* thinks the present system of censorship in that country "would be much simplified, and made scarcely any worse, by prohibiting books altogether!"

The palace and vicinity of Prince Joseph of Salm Reifferschied Dyck, Prussia, well known to the learned, and especially to the botanical world, were lately the scene of unusual festivity,—the whole neighborhood celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday. "Although so advanced in years," writes the *Illustrated News*, "he is still full of mental and bodily vigor, and gives every promise of living to complete his valuable and richly-illuminated botanical work, the *Hortus Salicensis*, the commencement of which is now in press at Cologne.

Mrs. Caroline Southey, widow of the late Laureate, has been placed on the pension-list, for £200 yearly, and Miss Louisa Costello for £75.

A report from Mr. Panizzi gives an account of the present condition of the department of printed books in the British Museum. At the end of the year 1846, the library of printed works consisted of 230,000 volumes; at this moment it consists of 465,000, and by the end of the present year it will amount to 470,000 volumes. During the last fifteen years the library has therefore increased at the rate of sixteen thousand volumes a year on the average.

John L. Stephens, Esq., the celebrated traveler in the East, and in Central America, died recently in this city.

In Lamartine's sixth volume of the *Histoire de la Restauration*, the narrative is full yet rapid; and the volume contains, among other things, a curious and interesting paper hitherto unpublished, written by Louis XVIII., giving a private history of the agitations of a change of Ministry. The work embraces the period from the execution of Labedoyere to the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, and though not the most interesting in matter, is considered to be by far the best of the series in composition.

The *Earl of Derby* has ordered the translation and publication of those ancient laws and institutes of Ireland known as the *Brehon laws*, the task of translating and editing having been confided to Drs. Todd and Groves. The whole, when completed, will be published at the expense of the British Government.

The Franklin Institute of Syracuse (N. Y.) numbers four hundred and fifty members, and one thousand seven hundred and nineteen volumes.

Father Loriguet's History of France for the Young has been forbidden by the French Minister of Public Instruction in the public and free schools of that nation. The preamble of the decree declares that in this book contemporary history is maliciously distorted by party spirit, &c., &c. The concealed cause, however, would seem to be, that the writer has given utterance to his private antagonism as a non-

Bonapartist, in having gone so far in his book as to speak of "Monsieur the Marquis de Bonaparte, General Commanding the Armies of His Majesty Louis XVIII.!"

The prize for eloquence at the *French Academy* this year, has been awarded to M. Prevost Paradol; another, value \$1040, has been presented to the "barber-poet," M. Jamin, whose works are highly valued by those persons initiated in the southern *patois*, the dialect in which they are written.

The collections of four distinguished biblioplists have been added to the *Royal Library of Berlin*. One of the collections contains four hundred and four works, solely relating to the game of *chess*; the second—Count Mejan's library—numbers fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy volumes, particularly rich in classical philosophy, French and Italian literature, history, theology, and jurisprudence, with a costly collection of the earliest printed works; the third contains nine hundred and twenty-one works, mostly on theological subjects and Spanish literature; and the fourth, nearly twenty-one thousand works, (thirty-six thousand volumes,) acknowledged to be the richest existing collection of German literature from the end of the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the literary treasures in this Royal Library of Berlin, when it is stated that the *scientific catalogue*, presenting a systematic review of the entire collection, numbers two hundred and fifty volumes, while the great alphabetical register of the books extends to six hundred and fifty volumes. The access to every portion of this literary paradise is of the most liberal character.

The historian *Ranke* is now in Brussels, consulting the archives of the State for facts relative to French history in the seventeenth century.

The *Buenos Ayrean Government* has recently decreed, that in the course of instruction pursued in the public schools in that country, the Bible shall be included. This is a very interesting fact. If the children and youth of the South American Republics can be educated with the Bible in their hands, the liberties of those Republics may be regarded as permanent.

Victor Hugo's pamphlet against the President, though it cannot be printed, is circulated in thousands of manuscript copies. Girardin says, in *La Presse*, "Art has gone back to the state preceding the invention of printing." A bale of V. Hugo's *brochure*, intended for clandestine distribution, was lately seized at Paris by the detective police.

A family in Canton has engaged to have a set of blocks cut for a new edition of the national historians of China, a series of classical works called the *Twenty-four Histories*, which will involve an outlay of one hundred thousand dollars. It is done to show their regard for letters, rather than with the hope of gain.

Dr. J. Wycklyffe's work, on "The Church and Antichrist," has been published in Dublin.

Archbishop Whately's "Cautions for the Times" handles Dr. Newman severely.

Religious Summary.

THE General Assembly of the *Presbyterian Church* in the United States embraces twenty-five synods, one hundred and forty presbyteries, and about two thousand seven hundred churches. Two of the presbyteries are in the New-England States, three in California, and three in Northern India. During the past year many new churches have been organized, and the greatest harmony exists among all. Biblical and catechetical instruction is imparted to children in large numbers, and in many cases to the parents along with them; the Sabbath schools are sustained; the monthly concert for prayer is generally observed; weekly prayer meetings are regularly maintained, and the funds of the Church have in many places largely increased. The Board of Education have at present three hundred and seventy students in various stages of preparation for the ministry.

Bishop Paine has designated the Rev. C. Goldberg, of Texas, as a missionary to the foreigners in California, especially to the Germans and French, and forwarded his appointment.

In Austria, floating churches are fast coming into use; the Greek and Russian missionaries have also built one in Siberia, on the river Don, in which fifteen hundred heathen had been baptized in the space of eight months.

The American Bible Union.—A reconciliation meeting of this society was held on Saturday afternoon, to devise measures for effecting a union among the opponents and friends of the proposed revision of the Bible; but no satisfactory or definite result was arrived at. The committee appointed on the subject at a former meeting, reported that they found "insuperable difficulties in the way of consolidating the two societies at the present time." The report was referred back to the committee after a long debate, to report again at the next anniversary.

Rev. George W. Wood, late of the mission to the Armenians, in Turkey, is appointed the Fourth Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, to reside at New-York.

Father Mathew, and five associate priests, sailed from Portsmouth (England) lately, for India. Their object, it is reported, is the foundation of a Roman see at Hyderabad.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, who was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Dr. Innes, of Edinburgh, has since connected himself with the Baptist Church in Bloomsbury, London.

It is computed that there are in England and Wales 28,290 churches and chapels, distributed among the various sects; of which the Protestants maintain 97.89 per cent. and the Roman Catholics 2.11 per cent. Of the Protestant division a fraction more than one-half—namely, 50.55—belong to the Established Church, the rest to Protestant Dissenters.

The postscript of the French correspondent of the *New-York Independent*, dating from Paris, September 23, says: "I have just heard from

the *Madiai*. The Grand Duke of Tuscany says that he will not grant them their pardon, because their sufferings are necessary to the salvation of his own soul, (the Duke's.)

Rev. Dr. Hawkes has declined the bishopric of Rhode Island. His salary here is said to be about \$7,000,—there the bishop's salary is \$1,500, with \$2,000 additional as pastor of Grace Church.

The Jewish synagogue in Sacramento was dedicated September 4th. An eloquent address was delivered by Joseph Shannon, Esq.

From an article in the *Watchman and Reflector*, we learn that the Congregationalists have two hundred and twenty-seven churches in Maine. In these churches there are sixteen thousand seven hundred and nine members, and one hundred and fifty-two regular ministerial laborers. During the past year these churches received four hundred and fifty-two additions, and lost by death, dismission, and expulsion, five hundred and seventy-two, making a decrease for the year of one hundred and twenty members.

The Protestant population in Ireland has been ascertained to amount to at least 2,500,000. This number is daily increasing, while the Roman Catholic population is still more rapidly diminishing.

The decision of Judge Leavitt, in the United States Court, Cincinnati, in the matter of the great Methodist Church case, in October last, was adverse to the claims of the Southern Church. An appeal has been taken.

The missionaries of the Moravians, or United Brethren, laboring in Greenland, are subjected to many grievous and harassing restrictions through the intolerance of the Danish Government.

The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since the division in 1844, is stated to have been about ninety thousand, or about twelve thousand a year. The total membership in the Church, north and south, is now 1,260,000.

During the late pastoral visit of the Bishop of Toronto to Kingston, he baptized fifty convicts at the Provincial Penitentiary, and confirmed one hundred and ten others.

Rev. I. I. Springer, formerly of the New-England Conference, died lately in Medford, Mass.

The population of Algiers, now under the rule of the French, is estimated at three millions, among which there are 125,000 Europeans, chiefly French and Spaniards. Of these, about six thousand are Protestants, who are scattered over the whole country. Protestant worship is held in the city of Algiers, and in six other places. Protestant preachers and colporteurs have free access to Europeans. By thus preaching to Spaniards, they are virtually giving the gospel to Spain, while Spain is shutting it out. A door of access is open also to the Jews and to the Mohammedans; and one of the missionaries has preached the gospel in a mosque, to a

mingled assembly of Arabs, Protestants, and Papists.

The Rev. George Thurlow Dole, late of the Beverly Church, (Mass.) was recently installed over the Congregational Church and Society in North Woburn.

An editorial in the *New-York Observer*, in a call for preachers for one of the new States, designates those who can preach acceptably—not those who can read sermons.

The Presbyterian Church at Buffalo, under charge of Rev. Dr. Lord, is considered the largest church of that denomination in the country. It will seat from two thousand to two thousand five hundred persons. The pews are nearly all taken, and the building itself is entirely free from debt.

The editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, in speaking on the subject of "rappers," sensibly remarks:—"As religious men, we have a short way with the rappers. If they are real spirits, we have no business with them. We are especially forbidden to go after them that have 'familiar' spirits. If they are not real spirits, they are humbugs, and, of course, we should let them alone."

The increase of the Romish population in Upper Canada, during the last ten years, appears, by the census, to have been eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. When, however, we take into consideration the additions made by immigration, it is evident that there must have been large defections from the Romish Church, when compared with the influx of that class in the United States.

Churches, &c., in Massachusetts.—The number of Baptist churches in Massachusetts is two hundred and forty-eight; there are also two hundred and fifty-one ordained ministers, thirty-five of whom were without charge, about a year ago; and thirty-one thousand four hundred and fourteen members. The denomination is now second to no other in the State, except the *Congregationalists*, who number thirty-six thousand; the *Methodists* numbering sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three. During the twenty years from 1830 to 1850, the Congregationalists increased seventy-six per cent., and the Methodists about the same.

The Netherland Missionary Society.—The number of stations now occupied by this society is seventeen, employing nineteen missionaries and one teacher. Income, \$37,000.

New Version of the Bible.—Of the twenty-four or five newspapers sustained by the Baptist denomination, the *St. Louis Western Watchman* (Baptist) states there are but three which advocate the proposed emendations. According to the *Southern Baptist*, the connection of the Campbellites with the revision movement is regarded with suspicion by those who have not fully committed themselves. In support of this opinion, that paper states that it is generally understood that the Gospel of Luke and the Acts have been committed to Mr. Campbell and President Shannon.

In the Methodist Church, North, there are 5,716 ministers, and 723,664 members. The increase the past year amounted to 24,791.

In the Church, South, there are 3,955 ministers, 514,601 members. Making an aggregate of 9,671 ministers, and 1,238,265 members.

The *Mennonites* in Prussia, a religious sect resembling the Quakers, are leaving the country in great numbers for the United States and Russia, in consequence of a law promulgated, holding them to the performance of military duty.

The *United Brethren in Christ* have been in the United States since 1750; they number about forty thousand communicants. This denomination sprang from the Reformed Church, principally through the labors of William Otterbein, a young German minister in that Church. In 1752 he labored in Pennsylvania, and was cotemporary with Whitefield. He was joined by evangelical preachers of different sects; and in the year 1800 they adopted their present title: the Church at that period embraced twenty-one itinerant preachers.

We learn from the *Chinese Repository*, published at Canton, that there are one hundred and fifty missionaries at present laboring within the bounds of the Celestial Empire. They belong to eighteen different societies or missionary organizations.

The *Mormons* now publish, in London, a paper called the *Millennial Star*, in which they state that Mormonism is making great progress in the island of Malta. The same paper adds,—"Many thousands of saints will leave England for Utah ere long."

The Calcutta Missionary Conference.—This body, composed of missionaries of all Protestant denominations in the Bengal Presidency, have adopted petitions to Parliament, praying for a final discontinuance of Governmental connection with the idolatrous rites of Hindooism, and the superstitions of Mohammedanism in India. After thankfully acknowledging what has been done in the right direction in this matter, the petition recites a number of instances in which the connection still subsists, especially the fact that more than £160,000 is annually paid by the English Government for the support of temples and mosques. It then adverts to an order of the Court of Directors prohibiting their public servants from taking any part in missionary undertakings. The bearing of this restriction on efforts in behalf of Christianity is also contrasted with the direct support given to idolatry. The petition concludes with praying for a rigid inquiry into the whole matter, and especially for the abrogation of the prohibition above referred to.

According to the Minutes of the last *Canada Conference*, there are twenty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-five members connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of whom one thousand one hundred and eleven are Indians. Number of preachers, two hundred and five; of these thirty-three are on trial, twelve supernumeraries, and twelve superannuated. The next Conference is appointed to be holden on the first Wednesday in June, 1853.

Five bishops and thirty priests are supported in China, by the Roman Catholic Church.

Art Intelligence.

The celebrated painter, *Boges*, has just finished the picture which was ordered by the King of Prussia, "The Betrayal by Judas." It is stated to be the finest work ever produced by this artist.

A very spirited panorama of the *Australian Gold Fields* is now on exhibition in London, from sketches taken on the spot, by Mr. Prout and other artists. The view commences with Plymouth Sound (England) and Eddystone Light House, then takes in Madeira, Rio Janeiro, and the Cape of Good Hope, the "Diggings," views of Sydney, the Parametta river, a kangaroo hunt, and the whole concludes with a highly dramatic grouping and encampment of the gold-diggers by moonlight. The paintings, says the *Illustrated News*, are admirably executed, and are visited by crowded audiences.

The statue of *Bernardin de Saint Pierre*, by M. David (d'Angers,) was inaugurated lately at Havre, the birthplace of the illustrious writer, who is represented sitting in the attitude of thought. A pen and manuscript in either hand indicate the hour of inspiration; and at his feet two young beings, asleep on a couch of leaves, and locked in each other's arms, personate its result—*Paul and Virginia*. M. Casimir Delavigne's statue received similar honors at the same time and place.

At the late sale of the various articles of *virtu* left by the French artist, *Pradier*, the marble *Sappho* was purchased by the government for 13,000 francs; the *Venus and Cupid*, bronze, and life size, sold for 2,000 francs; the *Pandora*, another bronze, three feet high, 1,000 francs; *Psyche and Cupid*, plaster, 1,200 francs; *Homer and his Guide*, plaster, three feet high, was purchased for Geneva at 3,070 francs. The *French papers*, in noticing the transference of the honorary prize of 4,000 francs from M. Cavalier to Pradier's family, while acknowledging the tribute to departed merit, nevertheless regard the *Sappho* as far inferior to many of Pradier's works, "and certainly far below the *Penelope* of Cavalier."

Pugin, the architect, whose unfortunate case we noticed in our last, we find by the English papers, has since deceased. He was such an enthusiast in his profession, and so devoted to the pleasures of sailing, that he frequently declared all that was worth living for was *Christian architecture and a boat*.

The inauguration of the equestrian statue of Napoleon, was celebrated at Lyons on the 20th September. The entire population, estimated at 300,000 souls, were in attendance in honor of the President, Louis Napoleon, who was present at this imposing ceremony. The statue is from the chisel of the celebrated sculptor, Count de Nieuwerkerke, the Director General of the National Museums.

Welch's steel engraving of Stewart's portrait of Washington is one of the most magnificent specimens of the art ever produced in this country; "worthy," as Washington Irving has

said, "to be hung up in every American dwelling." It is a very exact copy of Stewart, and its artistic finish is complete. It is for sale by Williams, Stevens, and Williams, Broadway, Terry, 113 Nassau-street, is sole general agent. For a remittance of \$5, a copy is sent free of postage.

The *Academy of Fine Arts*, at Paris, is, we learn from the *Literary Gazette*, preparing a dictionary of the idiomatic and technical terms employed in music, sculpture, painting and architecture.

Mr. Duconse, the colored artist of Cincinnati, who has lately painted the "Garden of Eden," has been offered \$880 for it. Rev. Jas. Freeman Clark says that he is the best landscape painter in Cincinnati.

At the late *Exhibition of Modern Art*, in Antwerp, there were 605 paintings, sculpture, drawings, medals, &c., the great majority being, as usual, pictures in oil. Among the artist exhibitors, 133 were of Antwerp; Brussels, and other parts of Belgium, 131; Holland, 19; Germany, 37; France, 18; Italian, 1; and English, 26; this being the first time the British artists have appeared in any foreign exhibition to such an extent. A private view was held two days after for the accommodation of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, King Leopold, &c., who were then on a visiting tour.

Mr. Noble's bronze statue of *Sir R. Peel*, was inaugurated in the market-place of Tamworth recently. The figure is upwards of eight feet high, and is regarded as a generous and most artistic testimonial to the memory of the departed statesman.

The *Association* for the promotion of the *Fine Arts in Scotland*, at their late session, determined on issuing an illustrated edition of their national poet, *Burns*.

John Vanderlyn, one of the earliest, and, as he long continued to be, one of the most eminent of American artists, died at his residence, at Kingston, New-York, in September last. In 1832, Mr. Vanderlyn was commissioned by the Federal Government to paint a full-length portrait of Washington, for the Hall of Representatives; for which, as soon as it was completed, he was voted an additional recompense of \$1,500. He was also chosen, in 1839, to fill one of the vacant panels in the rotunda of the Capitol, with a great national picture. He removed to Paris to paint it, and brought back his "Landing of Columbus" as the result of his labors. His last exhibited work was a full-length of the late General Taylor, which some of our readers may remember to have seen at the Academy of Design last year.

The *Bryan collection* of paintings, comprising some of the old and modern masters, were lately displayed on the walls of the Society Library exhibition rooms in this city. The collection embraces pictures from Italy, Venice, France, and Germany; many of them very masterly in subject and execution.

Scientific Items.

At the late meeting of the *British Association*, Belfast, M. Claudet described a new *Manifold Binoocular Camera*, by which the photographer was enabled to take *four pictures* in the course of a few seconds.

The question, "Is it possible to connect the New World with the Old by means of a magnetic wire?" is, says the *Athenæum*, now occupying the savans of Paris, London, and New-York. The difficulties to be encountered by the submarine process are great, if not insurmountable; while the number of stations by the inland route would require the passage of the wire through the territories of a third power—Denmark—and over immense tracts of uninhabited and unexplored country.

From the *Gardner's Chronicle* (Eng.) we learn that M. Esprit Fabre, well known to botanists as an acute observer and experimentalist, has succeeded, after twelve years labor, in procuring *wheat* from the continued cultivation of the *Egilops*, a species of wild grass, three varieties of which are found growing in Sicily and the south of France. This discovery is particularly interesting, from the fact that wheat has never yet been found growing indigenously.

Dr. Lepsius, in his *Letters from Egypt*, relates the remarkable discovery, in the court of the great temple of Isis, of two bilingual edicts in hieroglyphic and demotic characters, one of which contains "the same text as that of the decree on the Rosetta Stone, partially, if not entirely, verbatim."

Dr. Lattimore, of New-York, has published in the "*American Journal of Medical Science*," a paper in favor of the use of *common salt* as a substitute for *quinine*, in cases of intermittent fever.

Artificial Production of Fish.—A discovery has been recently made in France in regard to the increase of fish, by which it is possible to augment their numbers to any required extent. The government, by giving encouragement to this discovery, has caused the charge of fish, in some parts of France, to be reduced to one-fourth the former price. Experiments are to be made to apply to salt-water fish, at the mouth of rivers, and off the coast, and especially to lobsters and oysters.

The general impression of the members of the *British Association*, at their late meeting in Belfast, was, that from the abundant resources for animal food in the Arctic regions, starvation was improbable in the case of Sir J. Franklin and his voyagers.

In some important studies on the *cranial development of different nations* by the Abbe Frère, canon of the cathedral at Paris, that writer asserts that the more ancient and primitive nations are, the more the back part of the skull is developed, and the front part flattened. This would go to show that civilization improves the physiology, or rather the phrenology, of the human race.

The *Royal Geographical Society* has recently made known the feasibility of opening a communication with the center of Africa, by way of Zambezi; and the time is near when not the Niger alone, but all the navigable rivers, both of the east and west coast of Africa, will be open to trade.

House's Printing Telegraph is now in full operation at Baltimore. It is worked by keys similar to those of a piano; each key, answering to a letter of the alphabet, produces with great rapidity a bold and legible print, thus doing away with all trouble and delay of transcribing. This superior telegraph, it is expected, will supersede all others.

Sir J. Clark, Dr. Burgess, and others, of the British Medical Faculty, are vigorously opposing the opinion which has so long prevailed that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with consumption. Dr. Burgess contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of this disorder; and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. Change of air, in the same climate, is the sanative theory of Dr. Burgess, deduced from the most expansive observations and industrious experiments in "climatology."

The efforts made for the establishment of an *International Congress of Science and Statistics*, by Mr. Kennedy, chief of the Census Bureau, at Washington, have, as we learn from the *National Intelligencer*, interested a number of the distinguished literary men of Europe in their furtherance, and are likely to prove altogether successful. Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Kennedy, the officers of the Belgian Government, after corresponding with the savans of other European nations, have taken the initiative by calling a meeting at Brussels, for the purpose of organizing an International Scientific Congress. Baron Quetelet, Director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels, has addressed Mr. Kennedy on the subject, explaining the steps that have been taken and the programme that will be hereafter pursued. It is proposed to divide the Congress into sections, of which the first will be devoted to "general statistics, territory, and population;" the second, to "production and consumption;" the third, to the "state of education and morals." The *Intelligencer* suggests that as the formation of the Congress was an American idea, it is important that this country should be suitably represented in it.

M. Brinsden, of Mont St. Hilaire, Canada East, it is stated, has perfected a mode for using the artificial horizon at sea, so that it is perfectly uninfluenced by the motion of the ship, and the altitude may be taken at all times when the sun is visible.

Mr. Hinde, the astronomer, has named the planet newly discovered between Mars and Jupiter, *Melpomene*.

